

THE CANADIAN FORUM

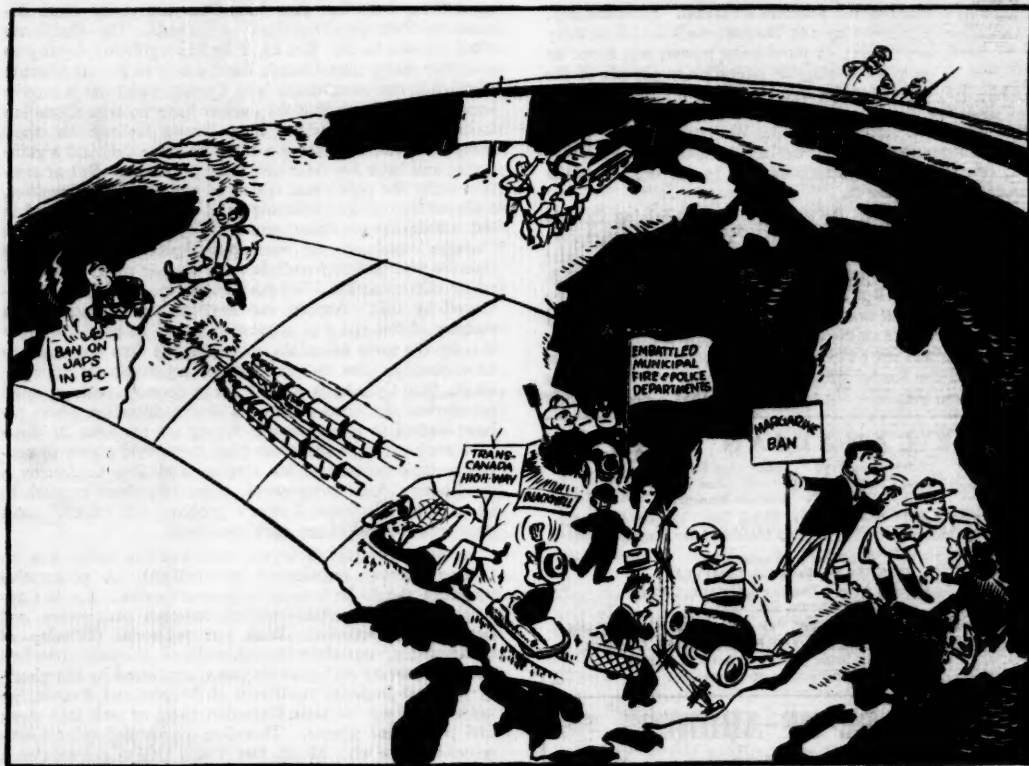
Twenty-Ninth Year of Issue

April, 1949

...And Then There Were Ten

► THIS MONTH NEWFOUNDLAND begins its career as a province of Canada. We hope that the step will not come to be regretted by the people of the former colony. They have been doubtful enough about it, apparently, and their neighbors in the Maritime provinces provide an example of a people who entered Canada doubtfully and

have been doubtful ever since. The positions are different, of course. In 1867 the Maritimes were the most prosperous part of British North America, and were conferring a favor on the rest of us when they consented to associate with us. Since that time—and it cannot be altogether blamed on that action—this prosperity has steadily dwindled. Newfoundland is faced with a different situation. Economically, it cannot help gaining by the change: such social security as we have, in its effect on purchasing power, will alone be



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ous part of British North America, and were conferring a favor on the rest of us when they consented to associate with us. Since that time—and it cannot be altogether blamed on that action—this prosperity has steadily dwindled. Newfoundland is faced with a different situation. Economically, it cannot help gaining by the change: such social security as we have, in its effect on purchasing power, will alone be sufficient to make a considerable alteration in the life of the island. But man does not live by family allowances alone, and there are other parts of the new order which may surprise the Newfoundlanders. In welcoming them, therefore, with genuine warmth, we beg them to be prepared to voice their surprise and to point out to the rest of us the anomalies that cause it.

They doubtless feel, for example, that in joining Canada they are ending an ancient absurdity of political geography; that an unjustifiable barrier is being broken down, and that they are becoming part of a great and rising nation. All this is true. But before long there will come sundry leaders of—we will not say leaders of political thought, but leaders of political talk—who after congratulating them on these things will start talking to them about their provincial rights, and the fearful thing that "Ottawa" will do to those rights unless they vote for this party or that. Perhaps their

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Published each month by
CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED
 16 Huntley Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada
 Telephone: PR. 3735

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa
 'SUBSCRIPTION RATE: THREE DOLLARS A YEAR
 Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.
 Advertising rates on request.

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Please give old address as well when sending your change of address to the Circulation Dept. If your subscription has expired please renew now. Rates: One year \$3, Two years \$5.

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16 Huntley Street Toronto 5, Canada

In This Issue

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Saskatchewan—and other provinces, for all we know—maintain, doubtless for the soundest of reasons, quasi-diplomatic representatives in London. They may wonder from this if they are expected to apply for admission to the United Nations on their own. Perhaps, again, they have heard the story—and that it is untrue makes it no less symbolic—that Hull housewives returning from shopping in Ottawa are searched by Quebec provincial police for illicit margarine. They may be asked for their opinion on the Trans-Canada Highway—and feel dazed at the news that the eighty-two-year-old nation they have entered is divided in the middle by an almost trackless wilderness. They will learn that the relations between Canada and its provinces are so inflamed that the events of an abortive conference on the subject in 1945 are considered a hot election issue in 1949.

This moment when we are enlarging our size and changing our shape is an excellent moment in which to take a good long look at our degree of nationhood, and to draw our conclusions from it. Few Canadians are really more devoted to their province than to Canada. The *Québécois* often appears to be. But he, if he has a primary loyalty to a smaller entity than Canada itself, has it to French Canada—which is not co-extensive with Quebec—and has it largely because he believes that *les anglais* have no true Canadian feeling. Most Canadians have strong feelings for their home districts, districts too small to have political significance, and little for their sprawling provinces. But at election times the politicians tell us of our provincial loyalties, and convince us by reminding us of the threats contained in less admirable provinces where most of the people talk a "foreign" language, or worship differently, or are richer than we are; and above all they tell us that we are threatened by centralization. We poor voters are likely to be convinced by this. Anyone can see that centralization in a country of this size and population would be very bad; that it is by the same token almost impossible does not occur to us so readily. But the joke is that, in Ontario for example, which like Canada is a very large country with a small population, the great opponents of centralization whom we have elected to Keep Ontario Strong are the same as those who present the preposterous plan mentioned above to centralize local police and fire services and thus to destroy a good part of local government. Certainly there is much to be said for Professor Lower's proposal for twenty small provinces instead of ten such monsters.

In speaking thus of loyalty to Canadian unity, are we talking narrow, reactionary nationalism? A progressive magazine should be *ipso facto* internationalist. But in Canada there is a curious relation between progressive and nationalistic outlooks. With our perennial difficulty of distinguishing ourselves from Americans, uneasily conscious of the proximity of Soviet air bases, oppressed by the ghostly but still imperial traditions of Britain and France, we must sound our barbaric Canadian yawp or sink into meek and permanent silence. Therefore we cannot submit ourselves to those who, Medea-like, would give us eternal youth by chopping us into ten separate pieces. The newer provinces, those added since 1867, have hitherto been the stoutest in their resistance to this kind of sorcery. We welcome Newfoundland in the hope that it will preserve this excellent tradition.

The Atlantic Pact

The drawing up of the North Atlantic Defence Pact is a logical outcome of the ideological schism and resulting uncertainty following World War II. The uncompromising attitude of the Soviet Union both in and outside of the U.N. has put the Western world into a position where something had to be done in order to obtain some sort of security.

Now that the pact is reality, and is likely to be signed within a few days, it is well to examine its weaknesses and to try to avoid the pitfalls into which it may lead. Its most serious shortcoming may lie in the economic field. Some experts fear that a program of rearmament and of rebuilding standing armies may divert funds, heavy industry and manpower from the production of durable and consumers' goods, thus retarding or halting programs of recovery among the signatory nations of Western Europe. The theory that the American frontier now is on the Elbe is erroneous, since the cold war is not fought on strictly national lines. The recent statements of Togliatti, Thorez and company are only the last instances revealing that the struggle is taking place within the borders of the nations interested in an Atlantic Alliance, and that the economic dislocation accompanying a rearmament program may well strengthen the "aggressor" within the borders of some signatory states.

Another objection to the pact lies in the fact that security cannot be found in an armed camp, and that so long as the Soviet Union has a large army stationed in Germany and Austria, no one in Western Europe will feel particularly secure. Many non-Communists in Europe fear Marx even more than they do Marx, and the rat-race into which armament programs usually turn will not contribute to their peace of mind. Walter Lippmann, the leading exponent of this criticism, suggests that another attempt should have been made to negotiate with the U.S.S.R. for a definite settlement on the continent.

The objections raised to the pact because of its alleged violation of the United Nations Charter must be discounted, for they are based on an unrealistic interpretation of it, and on a starry-eyed appraisal of the Security Council. The fact that the ultimate power of Congress to declare war will give the United States a veto power is a source of great anxiety among the European nations proposing to sign the pact, but it should not really endanger its effectiveness.

The criticisms of the pact illustrate well the dilemma facing the present world. The sad experience of the late thirties and early forties show, that so long as man refuses to solve his mass problems by intelligent and tolerant discussion, on both sides of the argument, some measure like the Atlantic Pact is essential for the creation of a tolerable *modus vivendi* and at the same time for the making of provisions for any eventuality the future may bring. A frank realization of the dangers inherent in the pact, particularly on the part of the State Department, can do much to minimize them.

The Two Camps

The world situation from the Russian point of view is something like this. Wars are caused ultimately by economic rivalries among nations. All nations except Communist ones are class societies, which must either preserve their

class system through exploitation, search for colonial markets, and eventually armed conflicts, or have their class system destroyed by a revolution leading to a classless society. Thus the only possible way to achieve world peace is first to achieve a world-wide revolution. There can be no hope for peace as long as a major capitalist power remains in the world. Fortunately the situation is developing beautifully along Marxist lines. The U.S.S.R. holds the centre of the largest land mass in the world; it holds all Eastern Europe, and can put Western Europe in its pocket whenever it likes. The most important political event just now is the revolt of Asia, and Communism is able to exploit that, whereas America is forced to try to prop up reactionary and corrupt governments that are done for anyway. China is already in the Communist camp. The revolt of Africa has not yet come, but it is certainly coming, and the Communists will similarly be in a position to exploit that. There is no use tackling America directly: she is far too strong, she has the atomic bomb, and a more effective way to wage war with her is to curtail her export markets until, faced with the impossible contradiction between a shrinking market and an expanding economy, she blows up.

The American point of view, if the Americans can be said to have a consistent point of view, is that the world is now in the same position as America herself was in in 1861. We are faced with the idea of the Union, a Union which has in practice hardly any existence at all. Yet the idea is there, and must be preserved. The Union must essentially be a union of free peoples, and it cannot exist half slave and half free. It is thus primarily a union of good will, and may contain many economic systems. The one thing it cannot tolerate is the right of secession on the part of a group of confederate states pledged to maintain a slave economy such as Americans believe the Russian economy to be. And America will, if absolutely necessary, fight to preserve the idea of Union against the right of secession.

Anyone who keeps on hoping that Russia can be brought to see the democratic point of view, or is maintaining a theoretical Marxism against her own essential convictions, or will somehow manage to do something else than try to achieve a world-wide Marxist revolution, is in precisely the same position as those who fifteen years ago refused to read *Mein Kampf* and insisted that sooner or later Hitler could be brought to see reason. And if the issue is now between democracy and Communism, it follows that every blow against democracy aids Communism, including those struck by Americans themselves in an effort to preserve democracy. Marxist dialectic says that everyone must ultimately be a Communist or an anti-Communist, and Marxists not only expect but want those who are not Communists to be anti-Communists. Every offence to civil liberties in America and Canada today which is carried out in the name of democracy is following in the wake of the two men who have done most to aid Communism since Lenin—Hitler and Chiang Kai Shek.

No "Muddling Through"

The consistent success of the British Labor Party in by-elections has led some American commentators to the conclusion that the war had not only softened up the already enfeebled British economy, but more important, that it had softened up the average Englishman's brain.

The recently published survey on Britain's economic position as of the end of 1948 should dispel even the most hard-boiled businessman's concern over her sanity. The survey, which was presented to Parliament as a White Paper, shows that Great Britain has virtually achieved an overall balance of trade with the rest of the world. The deficit of 630 million pounds for 1947 has been reduced to 127 million pounds in 1948, and for the last six months of this year it is expected to be a mere 15 million.

Britain is still faced with a serious dollar shortage, but even here the yearly deficit was reduced from 655 million in 1947 to 340 million in 1948. This shortage is still the main problem of British economists, but a vigorous program is planned for handling it. Increased domestic production, increased exports to hard currency countries, diversion of imports from these to soft currency areas, colonial development planned to bring in hard currency and a further reduction of imports, all these will, it is hoped, reduce the unfavorable balance of American dollars.

The survey indicates that Britain will be successful in this, her most vital task. It reports a "great and steady progress" and while recognizing the importance of American assistance, clearly shows that the major cause of Britain's recovery lies in the self-denial and colossal effort of the British people. "Output increased in every important industry. Though the labour force increased by only 2 per cent, industrial production rose by about 12 per cent above the 1947 level."

It is not surprising that the British voter continues to support a government and a system which has been able to help him do "so much in so short a time," to paraphrase a former Prime Minister. It is unfortunate, though perhaps not surprising, that our press has not given this important document more prominent publicity.

For Greater Certainty

In such a vast country as Canada the administrative and legislative powers entrusted to the provinces give the people a better opportunity to participate in the government of the country, and also constitute a check on the abuse of power by a remote national government at Ottawa. It is well to bear these values in mind, but it is also important to bear in mind the growing need for wider legislative powers in the dominion parliament than the judicial interpretation of the British North America Act has left there. The Dominion has been exercising wide powers during and since the war, of course, but the debate on this year's renewal of the National Emergency Transitional Powers Act is a sharp reminder that the dominion parliament, as disarmed through the years by the privy council, is not equipped to "wage peace" or to fight economic depression.

The opposition leader, Mr. Drew, demanded "an explanation of what the emergency is and what the reasons are that in 1949 we should be called upon to regard as still continuing an emergency which related to the war which ended in 1945." The drafters of the B.N.A. Act would not have known what Mr. Drew was talking about, for surely they made it clear that the dominion parliament was "to make laws for the peace, order and good government of Canada, in relation to all matters not coming within the classes of subjects by this act assigned exclusively to the legislatures of the provinces." They had gone on, "for greater certainty, but not so as to restrict the generality of the foregoing," to enumerate some matters on which the parliament of Canada should have "exclusive legislative authority."

In the Canadian Bar Review of December, 1947, Mr. Bora Laskin writes: "There can surely be nothing more

remarkable in judicial annals than the privy council's treatment of the peace, order and good government clause from the Russell case in 1882 to the Japanese Canadians Deportation case in 1946. Beginning with the Board of Commerce case in 1921 and carrying through the Fort Frances case and culminating in the Snider case [Industrial Disputes Investigation Act] in 1925, Viscount Haldane laboriously built a doctrine of 'emergency' around the clause, only to have Viscount Simon puncture the doctrine in no uncertain fashion in the Canada Temperance Federation case in 1946. But at the close of 1946 the judicial committee, speaking through Lord Wright in the Japanese Canadians Deportation case, reverted to the language of emergency with a strange detachment and a seemingly innocent unconcern which expressed itself in an omission to mention the Canada Temperance Federation case decided earlier in the same year."

In view of the privy council's intimations that this doctrine would include only such emergencies as "war, famine or pestilence," Mr. Laskin expresses the hope that parliament will make the supreme court of Canada the final court of appeal and that "a Canadian court operating in a Canadian climate of opinion" might "mark out a new trail."

Television

The recent statement in the House by Mr. Douglas Ross (P.C.; Toronto-Saint Paul's) to the effect that if Canada does not make use of the television channels allocated to her she may lose them (presumably to rapacious American interests) is an indication of the lengths to which the anti-CBC forces will go. Mr. Ross has always been one of the most vociferous opponents of publicly owned radio, ever ready to thump a tub on behalf of the private interests; here, we think, he has cast aside all common sense.

The facts are that allocation of channels is a matter of international agreement; that such allocations, being in the hands of (or at least under the advice of) engineers rather than of politicians, are usually made with reasonable impartiality; and that, finally, the allocations are, by and large, respected. That they are thus respected is probably as much a matter of expedience as of ethics, for interference, being a phenomenon of nature's blind justice, works both ways.

An irresponsible American telecaster who pirates one of our channels may (to use the Fred Allen term) produce a certain number of gophers on our television screens; he does so, however, in the certainty that our transmitter, once rightfully established on that same channel, will infest his own customers' screens with an equal number of rodents.

Even though cloaked (as it always is) in meretricious references to the national interest, it must be obvious that the whole raucous outcry for immediate television is motivated by something entirely different—the desire of a few operators to use the public domain—i.e., the television channels—as a source of quick and easy profits from the larger centres of population. A single BBC television station in Birmingham reaches six million persons; a single station in New York City can serve more viewers than are in all Canada. To reach even the smaller number in this country will probably require fifty stations at least, at a cost probably to be computed in billions of dollars.

When the private interests come forth with a solid undertaking not only to provide television service to six million Canadian people, but to operate their stations really in the public interest, instead of giving merely lip-service to this ideal (as the private radio stations do) then, we think, and then only, will the CBC Board of Governors be justified in lending anything but a deaf ear to the yipping.

When Doctors of Law Disagree

The controversy between the dean of Osgoode Hall law school and the "benchers" of the Upper Canada Law Society raises the question of the extent to which the members of a profession should determine the terms of entry into that profession. While the public, through government, controls the standards governing entrance into the teaching profession, it is content to leave to the medical profession the setting of its admission requirements. It would not be easy for laymen to set medical education standards, of course, and to a considerable extent the public, as a matter of self-protection, and the medical profession, as a matter of controlling competition, have a common interest in high medical education standards.

Law falls, in this matter, in between medicine and teaching. The public could meddle a bit in legal education without endangering itself or the profession. The public, however, takes less interest in legal education than it does in medical education, perhaps because it regards medicine as a necessity and law as a luxury. In most of the provinces the legal profession has turned legal education over to the university, but Ontario has continued to stress office training at the expense of academic training. Some provinces forbid office work during the scholastic term, but Ontario does not, and some Toronto law offices have used Osgoode Hall law school as a source of cheap labor. The benchers do not seem very responsive to public opinion or to the demand of their fellow barristers throughout the province for reform.

Did Truman Kill the Polls?

Morley Ayeairst

► WHEN President Truman nosed out Governor Dewey last November he gave the public opinion polls, at the same time, an almost mortal blow. The day after the election a good many people were ready to consign them forthwith to the rubbish heap, with the same uncritical abandon that once characterized their acceptance as the voice of prophecy. There is no doubt that the unanimity of the two major polls, Gallup and Roper, was an important factor in the almost universal belief in the certainty of a Dewey victory. His defeat, therefore, had all the stunning effect of a betrayal upon many Dewey supporters. Some were very bitter about it and claimed that many Republican votes were not cast because of overconfidence.

Certainly everybody concerned with government and the manipulation and measurement of opinion is bound to be interested in the reasons for the polls' mistakes as well as in the more fundamental question of their usefulness. No one is more concerned than Messrs. Gallup and Roper themselves, and they have requested the Social Science Research Council to examine a number of factors related to their recent mistakes. The results of this investigation will be interesting but in the meantime it is possible to hazard a few observations as to what happened to throw the predictions astray.

In the first place the shortcomings of the polls were not unknown to political scientists. As Professor Lindsay Rogers pointed out as long ago as 1941, the polls do not really measure "public opinion," however one defines that elusive abstraction, but merely collect a number of replies to specific questions asked of a small number of people believed to represent a fair cross-section of the public. One

of the things they cannot do well, if at all, is to measure intensity of opinion or discover which of their interviewees have firmly fixed attitudes and which are likely to change. Another tendency noted by Professor Rogers was a disposition to ignore or undervalue the "undecided" responses. The above factors were undoubtedly present in the recent prediction errors. As the English "Mass Observation" man, Tom Harrison, has noted, inner unexpressed attitudes may change before they receive vocal or other overt expression. Harrison observed that the applause given to newsreel pictures of Neville Chamberlain had fallen off significantly *before* the polls reported a decline in his popularity.

Another difficulty the polls encounter is that of separating the candid reply from the one given because the person interviewed is afraid or ashamed to answer frankly. A straight question as to the presidential candidate favored is likely to get a sly and deceptive reply in some areas, especially among the poor and uneducated, who, after all, are in the majority. There are districts in New York City where only Democratic allegiance will be avowed, and in Philadelphia where the only answer will be "Republican" regardless of what the voter may do behind the curtain of the polling booth. In this connection Gallup himself noted that his prediction of failure of the "ham and eggs" referendum in California was correct as to the gross result but that the proposition failed by a narrow margin instead of by the overwhelming vote predicted. He believed the error to have been due to the individual's unwillingness to admit to a stranger that he favored this "crackpot" scheme.

What were the mistakes this time? Quite evidently in making their predictions of Dewey's victory the pollsters were assuming more than their figures indicated and they were making these assumptions on the basis of experience gained in dissimilar elections. This experience had been derived, as regards national elections, entirely in campaigns involving President Roosevelt, in which the president's supporters were very loyal and in which the separation of voters into opposed camps was almost complete and the attachments stable. This time, on the other hand, there were two candidates neither of whom could arouse much popular enthusiasm. Even the late polls showed a large number of undecided voters. There was further the complicating factor of the Thurmond and Wallace candidacies



which might become more or less important as the campaign progressed.

To assume a Truman victory on the basis of Gallup or Roper figures one had to make the following guesses:

1. Some of the Dewey vote might not be cast owing to overconfidence.
2. Some Dewey support would be lost as the campaign progressed because of Dewey's failure to be specific on any issues whatever.
3. Truman would pick up some crucial last-minute votes owing to admiration of his plucky underdog fight and vigorous campaign on issues.
4. As usual a larger percentage of the Democratic than of the Republican vote would actually be polled because more big-city machines are Democratic and can get out the vote more completely. (This may be the reason why the polls have consistently, if slightly, underestimated the Democratic vote.)

5. Wallace and Thurmond supporters would tend to drift back into the Truman fold toward the end of the campaign, the former because of their discomfort at the obvious Communist control of Wallace's party, the latter because, having made their gesture, they could see little to be gained by helping to ensure a Republican victory. (In fact, the two maverick candidates got only about two million votes instead of the five million the polls gave them in September).

6. In voting against the Republican incumbent as a member of the unpopular eightieth Congress, many voters would turn to the Democratic challenger and incidentally vote for Truman. The president may have profited to an unspecified extent by his association with popular Democratic candidates such as Chester Bowles in Connecticut.

7. Finally, the very considerable vote polled as "undecided" before the election would in large measure be cast and Truman would be the gainer in view of the fact that a majority of these undecided persons were known to have voted Democratic in the last election (as discovered by Gallup) and were likely at the last moment to support the same party.

It is the writer's contention that the above is, in fact, what happened. Nothing here is incompatible with the figures published by the polls but only with the forecasts made by Gallup and Roper. As they now admit, they were too ready to assume that their experience since 1936 was sufficient to ensure accurate prediction. Indeed, in his famous column of September 9 announcing that Dewey was as good as elected, Roper said of such predictions . . . "the validation is complete. It is known that a scientifically conducted and antiseptically clean survey will coincide with the actual choice of the voters within a close limit of error."

Is this the end of the public opinion polls? Will they go the way of the *Literary Digest*? It seems unlikely. Although best known for their election and opinion surveys, the real bread and butter of their business is in the market-research surveys they make for business firms, who seem to find their services worth the cost. Will they just drop election forecasting? Probably not, although the pollsters themselves would probably prefer to do so. However, the advertising value of this activity is great (when they are right) and it seems likely that, four years from last summer, their newspaper and magazine subscribers will urge them to try again. It is certain that they will be far less rash in prediction next time and anxious to point out the different possibilities the figures indicate.

But quite apart from their success or failure in predicting election results, do they serve any useful purpose? May they in fact exercise an undesirable influence upon the campaigns? Stuart Chase in a recent *Nation* article decried this

pointless employment of an otherwise useful device. Others have gone further and condemned all of their opinion polling as pernicious because pretending to an accuracy it does not possess. To a political candidate their figures, correctly evaluated, may provide valuable information not otherwise obtainable. Unsuspected trends may lead to a revised campaign strategy. On the other hand, they may be terribly misleading. A poll of highly doubtful reliability was interpreted to mean that labor in general actually favored the Taft-Hartley Act. Dewey may have relied upon this. It seems likely too that an uncritical acceptance of their gross predictions may have been a factor in his campaign strategy of behaving like a president with a record to stand upon instead of a challenger who must clarify his stand on at least some of the issues. This was doubtless a major error on Dewey's part. Insofar as the polls contributed to this error they may have had some effect upon the result. There is reasonably good evidence, however, that they do not have the "band-wagon" influence as often charged. It is probably impossible to design experiments with the necessary controls which would enable us to determine scientifically whether or not the polls have any significant effect upon the results they are predicting.

Dr. Gallup used to claim that the polls might well be used as a sort of continuous plebiscite on all questions of the moment. The logical conclusion of such a development would be to turn the legislature into a rubber stamp for *vox populi*. Few political scientists would regard this with equanimity. Surveys taken on general issues are not susceptible to the test of actual voting and it is very difficult to say how accurate or even how significant many of them are. Gallup's claim that they are less subject to error than election polls may well be challenged. It is extremely difficult to devise unbiased questions. The matter of comprehension as well as intensity of opinion is important and unresolved. The more complicated issues are likely not to be understood at all by most of those questioned, whose answers therefore may represent emotional reactions to key words. The Marshall Plan may be approved out of respect for General Marshall's war prestige, and so forth. Indeed the whole question of the value of issue polling has yet to be settled.

Perhaps the great disaster of 1948 is really a disguised blessing even from the pollsters' point of view. Most certainly it disabused the public of their unjustified faith in the polls' omniscience. Undoubtedly too it has given the legislators a healthy scepticism toward the issue polls and removed the threat of "Gallupocracy". It has jolted Gallup, Roper and the rest out of their pontifical attitude and unwarranted complacency. Perhaps now they can return to their proper job of refining their techniques and in the time they can spare from market surveys, gathering information of serious interest to social scientists.

Gang Delinquency

J. Alex Edmison

► IN ALL THE FUSS and righteous indignation engendered recently by the well-publicized activities of teen-age gangs in Toronto, there was a tendency toward the "It is not now as it hath been of yore" approach. This is a fallacious view. That the problem existed in even the staid Victorian era can be gathered from the following news extracts:

"The police have heard numerous complaints recently about bad boys who have no regards for boulevards, trees,

chain-fences, etc., but it is almost impossible to catch an offender in the act, and so the trouble goes on."

Globe, Toronto, April 24, 1880.

"The Grand Jury of Frontenac have expressed approval of the County Judge's remarks in favor of flogging for juvenile offenders." *Weekly Globe*, Dec. 22, 1882.

"There are far too many corners in Toronto infested by young blackguards who make a point of insulting as many as possible of those who pass by. The police should attend to these reprobates much more thoroughly than they do."

Truth, Toronto, Aug. 16, 1884.

It would appear, however, that these young "reprobates" did not have the press enjoyed by their counterparts on the same street corners today. No names are headlined, no photographs appear, and no alluring locality name is accorded such groups. That the present flood of publicity is enjoyed very much by those concerned is something of which we in the John Howard Society of Ontario have definite knowledge. (We have seen their pocket books stuffed with the clippings and we have heard their boasted affiliation, authentic or otherwise, with the more notorious area gangs). Other gangs are rather envious of such publicity. One club leader who was trying to do something in the way of organized recreational activity with a street-corner group, reports to me that one night, on arrival for his weekly meeting, he found them poring over an article in a national magazine which dealt with the escapades of one of the locality gangs. He relates that, as the meeting opened, one of the members asked: "What in hell can we do to get some publicity like this?"

Within recent weeks we have been reading of the criminal and amatory activities of a Canadian "Raffles" who has been practising both these "professions" for some time in the United States. (Just compare the space and photographs given over to him with the bare mention accorded the death of Capt. W. L. Rayfield, V.C., one of the bravest men this or any other country has ever known!) Since many hundreds of men and boys out of penal institutions come to the John Howard Society every year, we derive a fair knowledge of their thinking and motivation. The typical reaction to reading of the lurid and exciting career of this particular crook was that he was "too dumb" and that "a real smart guy" would not have been caught and could have continued on this "good thing." Such flamboyant publicity raises deeper issues. I have just received a letter reading, in part, as follows: "A certain kind of crime reporting, I know, does more harm than good; it is socially more dangerous than most forms of Communist propaganda. I refer now to the article on this Raffles in a well-known news weekly. Such reporting is progress in reverse. This rotten crook is almost directly extolled for the depredations he has committed, and a touch of envy even sounds through the reporter's writing. I can sense the suggestions taking root in the fertile soil (in a literal sense) of petty crooks' brains. Why don't they report crime in a debunking manner, stripping the shoddy glory from crime deeds? An ironic pen could make perpetrators writhe instead of preen themselves, and at the same time would direct the eyes of growing youth in scornful glances at those who think themselves big shots in crime. I definitely know that such reporting would have a most constructive effect, and if properly written, would make even more interesting and informative reading than does the adulating reporting which is so common today..." I don't think we need question the authority of my correspondent in these matters when I can reveal that he is a prisoner serving a long term in a Canadian penitentiary at the present time.

"Black Friday" is the designation now given for the usual crime happenings on that night in the City of Toronto. If one takes up position near No. 2 Police Station around midnight the police cars can be seen disgorging their loads of brawling youths. What are they like? What is their background? What makes them act as they do? These questions are more easily answered than the obvious one as to what treatment for them can be recommended. Let us try to describe an average "gang" member, aged eighteen and a half, picked up by police for fighting, or causing a disturbance, or perhaps for being intoxicated or obstructing the police in the discharge of their duties. (You have seen his picture in the papers, complete with zoot suit and smirk). He comes ordinarily from a home in either a slum area or in one where housing conditions are below acknowledged minimum standards. (If the parents have sufficient income to live elsewhere their complaint is that proper accommodation cannot be obtained). His schooling has usually ended in the public school, although he may have had one or two unsatisfactory years in secondary. ("I wanted our boy to stay in school, but he wasn't interested" is the common evidence of many of these fathers in court). He knows no trade and scorns the wages paid apprentices. His work record, if any, is spotted with "quittings" and "firings"; inability to get along with foremen and supervisors; lack of punctuality, and an almost inherent dislike of steady industry of any kind. His wages are spent within a few days of receipt and then the "sponging" starts, on his more steady brothers or sisters or on his girl friends. His contact with the church, the YMCA or the Boy Scouts has usually been either fleeting or not at all. In his sex life, he operates on a "catch as catch can" basis, with a philosophy that can only be described as amoral. His recreational tastes are almost confined to street-corner loafing and bantering; hanging around neighborhood small stores where he can read crime comics and scandal sheets, and can listen to juke music; getting rides in cars, stolen or otherwise, where with beer and/or wine and girl friends he can charge off to, and if need be, "crash" dances. His intellectual life is nil, and his sense of social responsibility likewise. He has no feeling of security, lives with no thought of the morrow, is rarely moved by any kind of preaching or admonition, and what fleeting loyalty he has is given to his gang companions. (Consequently, the more he thinks they are "persecuted", the stronger and more blatant his allegiance to them becomes). He lives on the fringe of the criminal law, so far not getting into the more advanced categories of crime, but quite willing to pick up any loose change, if it can be obtained without too much physical or legal risk. It is evident that, unless special measures are taken soon, many of the type just described will graduate from the nuisance to the criminal class.

For these minor offenders, troublesome as they are, we cannot recommend the Don Jail, where not a few have been sent for short terms, "to teach them a lesson." From our experience in penology, we would say that the "lessons" learned at the Don or other county jails might cost the taxpayers of Canada a tidy sum. The professional criminals in these places are only too eager to teach, to suggest, and perhaps to threaten. (They often leave a more lasting imprint than the signatures they inked on the left arm of one gang member who was discharged from the Don in early March of this year.) Let it not be thought, either, that such a jail sentence acts as a deterrent, since the youth emerges therefrom with additional swagger, and with added prestige among his street cronies, the only people whose opinion he values. In England, he would not be sent to jail, but would be released under the Probation of Offenders Act, and be subject to the close supervision of a specially-trained Proba-

tion Officer with responsibility for "straightening him out." We need an extension of this non-institutional treatment throughout Canada, with properly-trained supervisors from our Schools of Social Work. And why not government-sponsored trade courses for these lads so obviously ill-equipped for life? (We shouldn't wait until they qualify for such as inmates of the Guelph Reformatory or Collin's Bay Penitentiary).

These "Black Friday" eruptions are causing such public concern that constructive action has been instigated in many quarters. The Toronto Civic Advisory Council is at work on the problem; more importance is being placed on community centres and recreational outlets; churches and YMCA's have gone out of their way to bring many of these lads inside; and the Canadian Welfare Council is studying the matter on a national scale, as are the Toronto Welfare Council and the Community Welfare Council of Ontario, on their levels. From all this research by skilled personnel should come a useful pattern for the future. We have no doubt but that a strengthening of home life and of home discipline is indicated, together with a more interesting and a more resourceful school agenda. General D. C. Draper, former Chief Constable of Toronto, blames the breakdown of parental authority and the lack of home obedience as prime causes of this delinquency. Reasons for these modern deficiencies should be explored. Is it because our acute housing problem has made home life unbearable and unattractive? Or is it because the parents themselves lack the basic education for living (and also the cultural interests) to be authoritative guides to their children? The Cotter's Saturday Night has little emulation nowadays. More power to the Canadian Association for Adult Education, whose program was never more needed.

Juvenile delinquency (of those under sixteen years of age) is happily under a decline in Canada. Criminal recidivism of older offenders is being lessened by new progressive penal methods in Ontario, British Columbia, Saskatchewan, and in the federal penitentiaries. Surely, we have in Canada the initiative and the resources to solve, in sizeable measure, the problem of our displaced youth.

Education for Democracy

Nora Loeb Weckler

► EDUCATION is the mainstay of democracy. But today's public schools ill prepare budding citizens to cope with the massive social changes that are being thrust upon us. If the forces of social change are to be democratically directed toward constructive ends people must be educated not to live in the past, but to look to the future; to accept change rather than to be frightened by it. They must be prepared to view their world objectively rather than through the eyes of prejudice, and to help direct change in the interests of the common welfare rather than from considerations of selfish gain. Our present educational system fails in that it fosters blind traditionalism, self-centered competitiveness, and authoritarianism.

In recent years educational philosophers have said a great deal about the need to change our sights in education. They have pointed out that knowledge is of little personal or social worth to the individual who does not have the personality to use that knowledge for constructive ends. School systems, those in Ontario for example, have tried to incorporate this new approach to education in their programs of study. But the effect is hardly noticeable in the classroom. Teachers are still teaching subjects, not people.

Success, both for teachers and for students, is still measured in terms of the acquisition of factual knowledge *per se*. The atmosphere of the school is still one of competitive individualism. The student of "good character" is the one who submits willingly to the dictatorial policies of the school and conforms to the middle-class values of our society. Our schools are still "fact factories" and apologists for the *status quo* in spite of all the lip-service that is given to developing the "whole child" for cooperative life in a democratic society.

Restating our educational goals is meaningless unless we revise educational techniques and school organization so the new goals can be realized. Such reforms as raising teachers' salaries and reducing the number of students per class are good but inadequate. They will have little effect in improving the quality of education unless the function of the teacher is changed. The teacher's fundamental task is to help students develop such mental health that they can recognize the shortcomings of themselves and of the society in which they live; so that by their own self-discipline, they can develop to their full capacities; so that they will work cooperatively with others for the welfare of all. Today's stress on the teaching of facts is illustrated by the fact that more training is required of high-school teachers than is required of grammar-school teachers: more facts must be retained in high school than in elementary school. The failure of our schools to do their fundamental job is illustrated by the fact that modern psychologists agree that the most crucial formative period for the personality is the early years of life: primary-school teachers need to be at least as well trained as high-school teachers to help lay the basic groundwork for democratically-oriented personalities.

The most important goal of teacher training should be to develop in trainees the capacity to understand the people whose lives they will influence and the complexity of the society in which they and their students live. Psychology and the social sciences should be a major part of all teacher training programs. Courses in case-work methods and group dynamics, now commonly taught in departments of social welfare, should be included. Teachers need to be taught how to encourage children to be creatively self-expressive, to accept responsibilities, and to participate democratically in group activities. Specialization in the subject matter to be taught should be of secondary importance and such specialized content should be learned by the teacher-in-training in the light of its contribution to the broader goals of the new educational programme. Extensive experience with children in the school situation and under expert supervision should be a major part of teacher-training programs.

To make our schools real training grounds for living democratically, their organization and administration also need thorough overhauling. It is incongruous to expect that years spent at the lowest level of a rigidly autocratic hierarchy, which is what our school system is, should prepare children for the self-confident participation in democratic life that is our goal. Children are expected docilely to accept the program planned by the school administration. The superficial nature of most attempts at student government only emphasizes the subordinate status of the people who have most at stake in the school system. Parents are afforded the responsibility and participation only of getting their children to school regularly and on time. They have little or no voice in planning the program or selecting the teachers. Teachers are a cut above children and parents but they, too, are rigidly supervised in carrying out a program dictated from above and have little or no voice in the organization of the school or in the selection and policies of

the administration. Both teachers and administrative staffs hold their jobs at the whim of elected school boards and only for so long as they carry out the dictates of such boards. Far from insuring democracy in the schools, this system insures that school policies shall be set and school personnel selected by those least qualified to do so. It is a rare school-board member who has had any professional training in education. Most of them are people with political ambitions who are using membership on the school board as a stepping stone to a more powerful political office.

The best preparation for democratic life is to live democratically. Properly organized, administered, and staffed, our schools could and should teach children, by direct experience, the basic values of democracy. Teachers should be answerable to their students and the parents of the students for the way they organize classroom activities and for the kind of relationships they establish with and between students. Student governments should have the major voice in planning and administering school regulations. Theirs should be the responsibility for seeing to it that all children are happy in their relationships with one another and are participating freely in the common life of the school. Parents as well as teachers should advise but not dictate to the student government. The counsel of lower-class and immigrant parents should have as much weight as that of middle-class old-family parents. The former have much to give to democratic life if the latter will hear them. And the cleavage between home and school, which causes educators a great deal of concern, would be largely overcome if such parents had reason to feel that they and their views were really an integral part of school planning and activities. Teachers should bear the major responsibility for planning and organizing school curricula and programs and should account for both to the students and their parents. Teachers should also elect their principals who would be answerable to teachers, parents, and students. Supervisors should similarly be elected by teachers and principals and should be subject to control and, if necessary, recall by them, parents, and students. If schools were reorganized in this manner power would reside where it should in a democracy.

The most expendable part of a democratic school system is the Board of Education. There is no justification for placing the power of determining policy, selecting and supervising personnel in the hands of a group so unqualified and essentially so uninterested. If we need school boards at all their function should be limited to over-seeing the financial side of school operation. Even here the board's powers of discretion should be sharply circumscribed so that its members could not veto the public will by manipulating funds or withholding appropriations. Educational policies and the selection and control of school personnel should be wholly in the hands of the people who are directly and vitally concerned with the educational program: the students, their parents, and the teachers.

RUSSIAN ECONOMIC POLICY IN EASTERN EUROPE

The seven countries included in this pamphlet under the title Eastern Europe are Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Albania. The Russian zones of Germany and Austria in one sense fall within the zone, Germany has, however, been omitted because her treatment by the U.S.S.R. has followed entirely different lines. Austria is referred to several times in order to complete the economic and strategic picture of Eastern Europe, but Russian policy towards her has not been described in detail.

Fabian Research Pamphlet No. 128

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The "Color-Bar" of BBC English

Marshall McLuhan

► THE PRESENT POLICY of the British government to "open" the public schools seems to amount to this—that about 70 per cent of the enrolment at the ninety or so Rugbys, Oundle, Etons is to be recruited from those who cannot normally afford such education. That is to say that a very small fraction of the public which could not in the ordinary way buy itself into the governing class is to be provided with the mental and moral stereotypes of the public school boy (including a BBC accent) and the social abyss between the people and their betters is to remain exactly what it was.

A similar "compromise" was invented early in the nineteenth century when the spectacular increase of wealth among the trading classes presented the question of the terms on which the most affluent were to be admitted to the "aristocracy." The compromise at that time was simply to increase the numbers of and the numbers at the public schools. But the expansion was then proportionately so great that the public school boy took on a new character, which has come to be associated with Thomas Arnold of Rugby. And the only serious reflections on the whole problem, as it still concerned English society, appeared in Matthew Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy*.

Arnold considered that the aristocracy consisted of barbarians, the middle classes of Philistines, and the populace of a brutalized proletariat. So that the public school boy as we know him still, began by 1850 to combine the traits of the first two groups. It was the age of Melbourne and Palmerston, in which great figures England exhibited for the last time the aristocratic virtues which survive today only in the sleuths of crime fiction.

The specifically "barbarian" traits of the aristocrat would seem to have been his fearless addiction to individual interests and pursuits. Even in the popular imagination his "disinterestedness" has always set him above morals and conventions. Yet this very valuable detachment was the effect not of intellectual culture but of the indifference arising from an unassailable social security. In practice the aristocrat has been as contemptuous of intelligence as of convention. Should he be given to intellectual pursuits this fact is ascribed to lordly whim rather than to the intrinsic merits of intellectual life. Yet many an English man of letters visiting this continent has been heard to sigh that we could well afford a class of fox-hunting barbarians whose great merit is to "keep the business man in his place."

Whether the modern public school boy has retained any aristocratic traits beyond a proper distrust of intellectual life (Lord Chesterfield's "We may thank Heaven my Lords that we have something better than our brains to depend upon") should be fully considered. Among his aristocratic traits, however, is not to be found any noble indifference to social convention. In fact, there is no difficulty in identifying this part of his present equipment as that great backlog of philistine utility which Arnold visited with copious observation and scorn. For the public school boy (of whatever age) social convention is not a set of relationships to be perpetually irradiated with spirit and wit but an object to be kept in a fixed place. It has mainly a bureaucratic aspect in his mind, bureaucracy being the easiest mode under which the commercial mind can envisage social function and

responsibility. The abeyance of imagination and originality is a major virtue for bureaucrat and public school boy alike, the practice of which mortification forbids seriousness but not solemnity, entails a perpetual adolescence of mental timidity, and fear of any kind of intensity or depth of feeling.

Quite apart from the present traits of the public school boy in relation to their fitness for current needs, a word about the English populace, Arnold's third class. Putting aside the effects of century-old habituation to a social class structure whose economic functions have now ceased to exist, consider the following anecdote. In 1935 Charles Williams, the poet, spoke at a Cambridge literary society at which I was present. He was as impressive in presence as in reputation. But he was in an agony of self-conscious agitation about his lack of a public school accent, dwelling on the fact at length with what I at first took to be elaborate irony. I proved to be quite mistaken. He was not joking. He felt utterly inferior to that juvenile group which contained nobody even approaching himself in mind and achievement. And I then fully realized the force of the common remark that "in England the division between those with and without a BBC voice is equivalent to the color-bar in the U.S.A."

It might be suggested that the perpetuation of the BBC voice as a mark of social caste is just about as valuable to the English people at present as the race problem is to the people of the U.S.A. For example, it gives to any Scot or Irishman in England a tremendous advantage over the Englishman without an "educated" accent, because he cannot be "placed" by his voice in a social sense. And this freedom from caste barriers encourages his natural energies and talents while those of the English populace remain inhibited. Is it not one of the many unspoken assumptions of English society that nobody can have the right to brains or cleverness who is below a certain class?

To put this matter beyond the confusing limits of merely current expediency it might be pointed out that BBC English is not of ancient vintage. It might be hard to establish exactly when standard, caste English emerged as a national uniform for the governing classes. To say 1850 would probably not be to put it back too far. But the older English aristocracy seems not to have been interested in a standard speech for itself. Rather it spoke and spelt as it chose, usually with a spicy intrusion of the local speech of the district in which lay the family estate. Uniformity of pronunciation and accent, like uniformity of thought and feeling, came to the governing class when that class was already commercial and bureaucratic in tone and temper. It is to be associated with the factories of Manchester and Birmingham rather than the historic variety of older English culture.

The present policy of the socialist government in England in "opening" the public schools has, then, as its major disadvantage the maintenance of a "color-bar" in speech which affects many more millions than sustain that injustice in the U.S.A. It is also an injustice even less tolerable for being less tangible and even gratuitous. So that there would seem to be room for a patriotic movement among the English upper classes to renounce BBC English in favor of any broad country speech.

To ask whether there is anything intrinsically cultivated about BBC English, whether, for example, it can only be acquired by those who have richly nourished minds, educated tastes, and delicacy of moral perception, or whether at the present day it merely records an economic advantage—that would be a hard question for some. But the whole question is very much worth raising at a time when the decision has been taken to continue this speech as an official

class mark. However, it is not a question to be settled by logic or even in terms of social justice. There is also the factor of the subtle repression of the faculties and abilities of millions of people at a time when their free exercise may be a condition of national survival.

The question is further involved in the circumstances of the present time when the economic and political hegemony of the English-speaking world has passed to the U.S.A. That cultural and intellectual leadership will remain in England is not by any means certain. But that the entire English tradition should continue to be linked to an official speech which represents only a fraction of the culture is a serious prejudice to the issue.

Sub-Arctic Seasoning

John Nicol

III

► THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY post sits red-roofed on a rise in ground at the head of a small inlet; on the shore, a stout barge has been grounded and an approach to it built up to make a dock. To this, in summer, the natives' motor-boats are tied—the legendary seal-skin "kayak" is no longer built or used or seen in these parts, except in ivory models. It is a matter of opinion whether in this and other things the Eskimo has benefited by the change. Now the hunting is done with a .22-calibre rifle, fishing is carried on with manufactured nets, daily diet includes imported food, clothing is mixed with a proportion of mail-order-type offerings. All this is provided by the Company: in exchange for furs.

In approximately two hundred and seventy-eight years of operation in Canada's north, the Gentlemen Adventurers have totalled tidy sums in dividends from their trading. The pattern runs as follows: natives are outfitted to their own taste and that of the local post manager in the fall of the year, given "debt" as the expression so aptly has it, then sent out to trap white fox and other marketable pelts; where necessary to tap fresh resources, whole camps are moved to other areas and new settlements established. The Company prospers in the process; but embroilment brings economic enslavement to the native Eskimo.

If left alone, the native seems content to hunt and fish and trap solely for food and the means of shelter. He made successful adaptation to this bleak environment several thousand years ago; and it is likely he can continue to sustain himself long after neighbors in the atomic-age have illuminated each other like neon-lights. However, trade-goods are produced, desire is kindled, and the native is persuaded finally that American-style gadgetry is necessary to his happiness. An economy that prints its newspapers on the backs of advertisements devoted to creation of sophisticated wants among ourselves is not apt to falter facing aborigines. Though the time does come probably when the Eskimo does possess all the trinkets on the shelves, it is then too late—he is no longer independent and usually he is sick and ailing.

As things are, the Eskimo who survives the high mortality of infancy and childhood has a life-span of approximately forty years; this is frequently shortened by diseases of Europeans, to which resistance has been decreased by consumption of imported food and notions. The post manager is equipped to minister to minor ailments; he describes serious symptoms by radio to a qualified government-provided doctor elsewhere; and, if necessary, arrangements are made for transportation "out" to hospital. At this point, the Canadian taxpayer enters the picture to pay the cost of

repairs—for these native peoples are technically "wards of the Crown."

At this post, instead of clean snow-houses in winter and portable tents in summer, the natives subsist in a hybrid collection of shacks and shanties reminiscent of the "Hoover" towns that dotted the fringe of American cities in the early 1930's. These dwellings become objectionable through ignorance of the elements of hygiene and native nonchalance generally. When a snowhouse or tent becomes soiled with refuse, a new igloo can be constructed in an hour or the tent can be shifted and pegged-down again on cleaner ground. Now, in imitation of "white-man's ways" and serf-like dependence upon their feudal lord and his castle, they remain rooted in pervading dirt and poverty, to their continuing undoing. Since it is the encroachment of our commerce that has served to debilitate these people, it would seem our responsibility to mend them, to give them adequate attention and appropriate teaching in matters of public health. Logically, the shareholders in the Company that benefited most from this degradation should assume the burden: but that's not the way that things work out. No doubt the Eskimos must be content to wait the distant day when they secure responsible representation in the federal Parliament; a day when their alert delegate is able to press his claims for reimbursement through prior arrangement with other members busily intent on securing expenditures in their own constituencies.

The situation of the natives presents sad contrast with the fresh-painted facade that is the Honorable Company in full-dress: Governor, dividends, chain stores, monopoly control, supply ships, and private aircraft—all drawn from the difference between the value of goods traded to the native trapper and prices secured for his pelts in world markets. Suppose too that the growth of fur-farming in other parts of Canada continues to absorb an increasing share of available markets, until this alert example of private enterprise itself takes a hand in raising fur-bearing animals in captivity. The present system of trapping and trading will materially decline, for commercial fur-farming produces better pelts. What becomes then of the Eskimo in the Eastern Arctic who has been "used" and is needed no longer? Will the Hudson's Bay Company provide a program of rehabilitation? Well, it might . . .

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 4, No. 43, April, 1924, *The Canadian Forum*.

Nature has been less than kind to Newfoundland. Set in a northern sea, it is still shivering from raw winds off currents studded with floating ice three months after spring has scattered the primroses for England . . . Thanks to Messrs. Ford and McCumber its trade has suffered decline in recent years, with consequent impoverishment and emigration. To make full a cup of misfortune, it now appears that Sir Richard Squires, the former premier, was willing to sell his country for a Besco pottage. Our sympathies are with the people of Newfoundland, ill-served by man and nature alike.

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O CANADA

Mr. Frank T. Stanfield (Colchester-Hants): Mr. Speaker, I hardly know just why I am on my feet. I am not much of a talker anyway, and I am never exactly sure just what I should or should not do since I came to this place; therefore my position tonight is nothing very new. (Hansard, March 8, 1949, Page 1288)

Toronto, Ont. (CP)—Mannequins, sleek window indicators of women's changing fashions, are undergoing a revolution in shape which seems to point the way toward something new in feminine contours . . . The most pronounced change is the mannequin's facial expression which now assumes a supreme indifference to her own beauty. It's a haughty face with heavy mouth and dark brooding eyes. (Marilyn Lamborn, in the *Winnipeg Free Press*)

"We shouldn't pay bills for people who support the traitors to our country," added Mr. MacDonald. Arthur Turner (CCF-Vancouver East) asked the minister if he knew that the Labor Progressive Party is a legal party in Canada and if so, what group has a right to ban it. "I'm not concerned with legal matters," replied Mr. MacDonald, "I'm dealing with the facts." (Vancouver Daily Province)

St. Paul's riding chooses a new Conservative candidate on Monday night . . . (I think that adjective "Progressive" is redundant now, judging from the Conservative Party's recent performance. Like a spare tire on your car, it's nice to know it is there but you don't have to mention it all the time!)

(Margaret Aitken, in *The Toronto Telegram*)

Keays said prior to the provincial election local provincial officers had checked CCF leader E. B. Jolliffe, said to be travelling at 75 miles per hour . . . Cpl. Irvine instructed the traffic officer to "hold off—maybe Jolliffe will be elected."

"Don't charge Jolliffe," Keays quoted Mr. Donnan (crown attorney) as instructing. "Jolliffe is a good friend of Col. Drew."

(Report of Royal Commission, Belleville, Ontario-Intelligencer)

The Lady of Spring dresses with a quiet, a delicate distinction. And her accessories carry out this feeling to complete the poised and pretty look of her costume. Her hat is a tilted bicorne, or is small, delicate, close-fitting. She wears a bib of pearls, a baroque rope, a constellation of little pins; or points the V of a low-cut dress with a fabric flower. Her furs are small, her glove is neat, her shoe is delicate. (Advertisement, Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of a six month's subscription goes to Walter B. Mann, Ottawa, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

The Novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett James Keaney

► COMPTON-BURNETT, like Samuel Butler, examines the Victorian family, but with a difference. He wrote only one novel about it; she has managed, since 1913, at least ten. The theme of the family attracted Butler because of its being so susceptible to satire, susceptibilities enriched for Butler by the fact that the stupidities of the Victorian family had made him suffer deeply. Compton-Burnett rather sees in the family a fascinating opportunity to describe the effects on human behavior when ten or fifteen people live too closely together in a country-house; how, for instance, some become tyrants, some murderers, some misers, some go mad, and some, although weak, manage to withstand all the ill-effects of life in a Victorian family, manage to keep their character sweet and good.

There is a richness in *The Way of All Flesh* that comes of its being largely autobiographical. There is a relative thinness in Compton-Burnett's novels that is there because she is writing novels, novels with strong melodramatic plots in which she is using, very skilfully, the same people over and over again. Each novel manages to say something new about these characters just as, in Jane Austen, *Pride and Prejudice* in the character of Wickham presents us with a deeper, more brilliant version of Willoughby in *Sense and*

Sensibility. Like Jane Austen, Compton-Burnett writes a pure novel—that is, a novel wholly given up to the study of human character in interesting *moral* situations with little attention paid to the professional life, or costume or social significance of this human character. Let us look all too briefly at one of Compton-Burnett's best novels, *Men and Wives*.

The Man of this novel, Sir Godfrey Haslam, is described as a self-made man of healthy middle-class stock. We are given this and some other details about him in a block of description at the beginning of the novel; this is Compton-Burnett's way, to isolate all personal description in an easily found island at the beginning of the novel where it will not interfere with her method of displaying character solely by conversation. Sir Godfrey's wife, Harriet Haslam, is described as being of better family, but worn out early in nerves, a wearing-out caused by her coming from an inbred race.

This Man and Wife, who are unconsciously in conflict with one another as a great many men and wives are in Compton-Burnett, have four children all of whom in some way or other go against their mother's wishes. Matthew insists on doing research work in medicine when his mother wants him to set up a practice in London. Jermyn writes poetry instead of working hard for a fellowship at Cambridge as his mother wishes; Griselda won't marry the right person; and Gregory goes on visiting some old ladies in the neighborhood who, Harriet has decided, have a bad effect on him. Harriet is so bothered by all this that she cannot sleep at night. The only time she can sleep is when the rest of the family is waking up. When they are awake, again she cannot sleep. When, at the breakfast table, Harriet screams out to her family that she is a torment to them all she speaks the truth. *She is.* And especially is she a torment to a person like Matthew who has some of his mother's morbid traits without any of her religious ones. The greater part of this novel is devoted to tracing the path of Harriet's attempts to tyrannize over her children. Other "men and wives" situations are introduced, but none of them is so important as the Godfrey-Harriet one. It is significant that the most hypocritical and insincere person in the book, the lawyer, Dominic Spong, always takes Harriet's side. He knows where the most power lies. Harriet's family so persistently refuse to obey her that she is driven to use her strongest weapon, that of committing suicide. Just as Matthew is saying, "It isn't possible that all our lives should take shape from one person's pattern," Harriet is trying to obtain from Dr. Dufferin a poisonous pill.

Later, at a dinner-party at the Haslams, Harriet comes downstairs and informs her family that she has only a few more minutes to live. In a moment, Harriet has all her family at her feet and she is about, doubtless, to make them promise all sorts of things when Dr. Dufferin arrives and informs Harriet that the pill he gave her was harmless. Harriet, much shaken mentally, is taken off to an institution. For a few chapters, both the Haslams and the reader lead a happy free life. But Harriet soon returns from the mental hospital.

At first, it seems that she has given up her wishing to impose her pattern on all those related to her. It is soon clear, however, especially to Matthew, that the old trouble is going to start all over again. Harriet does not like the person Matthew wants to marry. Matthew murders his mother by giving her a poisonous pill along with some sleeping-pills. Everyone supposes, of course, that Harriet succeeded this time in committing suicide. Now Matthew,

like Harriet, cannot sleep and is so mentally tortured that he confesses his guilt to the Haslams. They refuse to believe him, although they know he did it. Matthew is the first to obey Harriet's wishes. He does not marry Camilla; he goes to London, sets up a medical practice there.

All the rest of Harriet's children feel such a remorse at their mother's death that they too finally obey her. And Sir Godfrey, whose life might now be free, is effectively tied up by a clause in Harriet's will which says that if he marries again he'll lose all her money. So this novel ends with an atmosphere positively choking the reader with the sense that something very evil has attained its evil purpose through the most unexpected means.

Compton-Burnett's main theme is family evil, family tyranny. Her domestic tyrants are sometimes compared, by those they tyrannize, to Destiny, to the Wind that blows people across Life to Death. By sticking to the small world of the family, Compton-Burnett implies pretty well how things go in the larger world outside the family.

Orwell was quite right when he said Compton-Burnett's novels were more ceremonials than novels. There is a mystery in all her work and it is this: why are her tyrants able to make their relatives conform to their pattern? The answer is that if you belong to that mysterious organization, The Family, you are easily caught if someone in it starts wielding power. The novels celebrate this mystery.

But Compton-Burnett has to be read to be believed. I have been both interested and bored by her. Her method, used to an extreme, of carrying everything on in dialogue, as if a novel were a play, strikes me as sometimes being wasteful of the reader's attention. What, after all, is wrong with showing directly what a character is thinking? Surely the indirect method of only showing what the character says is going to result in clumsiness just as bad as those incurred when the author jumps right into a character's mind. One feels a sense of triumphant, snobbish strength when one has managed to finish a Compton-Burnett novel. She requires, on the part of the reader, the closest attention, and even a third reading will not do her work any harm. Whole pages irritate one to the point of crossness with their faceless characters bickering over whether the fire is smoking or not. But then quite suddenly there will come a flash of wit or an extremely clever unfolding of motive that makes one want to go on.

If Compton-Burnett's work is valuable it is because she can take a situation alive with moral problems and beat out every interesting angle in it. I wonder if she is not a closet-novelist though, if her works are not very valuable but still not meant to be read. Because only the highbrow literary snobs are going to read her, and someone like Elizabeth Taylor, whose *A View of the Harbour* and *Palladian* are just as good as *Men and Wives* or *More Women Than Men* and, moreover, can be read by anybody, is going to be sadly neglected critically speaking. It seems unfair.

On the Air Allan Sangster

►—"AND WHILE WE LISTEN to the choir," says one of the moppets, "do tell us a Welsh story."

Thus does the Junior League of Toronto, in collaboration with the CBC (Sounds Fun, CBL, Fridays, 5:45 p.m.) inculcate a proper attitude toward music and its appreciation in the young people of Toronto.

I had hoped that we had progressed a little beyond that, despite the social audience which rings the balcony at Massey Hall on Tuesday nights, but no. Music remains, it seems, at least among the so-called upper classes, merely a pleasant background for conversation, for the telling of stories, just as it was in Haydn's (Surprise Symphony) day.

A thoroughly mildewed scallion is herewith awarded to the Junior League of Toronto, and to the CBC goes my gratitude when this terrible program comes off and we are again allowed to hear Don Messer and his Islanders who are, at that time, playing their lively music (without benefit of stories) to the more fortunate portions of the Trans-Canada Network.

* * *

Listening to Mr. Ralph Allen's review of Bernard Braden's book *These English** (Critically Speaking, Sunday, Feb. 27) I thought almost at once, "Oh, here's that old jealousy of the journalist for the radio man. Coming out in a peculiarly vicious form, too."

I had not at that time read the book, but I had heard most of the series of broadcasts from which the book was compiled, and had felt, as did a great many other listeners, that *These English* was one of the finest jobs of reporting and interpretation, as well as one of the most interesting programs, which radio (not only the CBC) had ever achieved. It was by no means, as Mr. Allen suggested, shallow and superficial, but gave so complete a picture of the English characters presented, and presented so many of them, that it was, in effect, an encyclopedia of English Character.

Since hearing Mr. Allen's scathing condemnation I have made a point of reading *These English* and am happy to report that, in this opinion at least, Mr. Allen must be tarred with the same stick, his vision obscured with the same dismal miasma which seems to be fog most Canadian "commercial" editors, especially when an opportunity is given them to bury their teeth in a deservedly popular radio figure. (Maybe the metaphors are a little out of hand, but I trust the point is clear.)

Mr. Braden's aim in the broadcast series was to let *These English* reveal themselves in their own words from their own mouths; in this purpose, being a perceptive person and a skilled, selective worker, he succeeded more than adequately. And, since the words of the book are substantially those of the broadcasts (though not printed in radio script form) it follows that the effect on any perceptive reader must be similar, not only in kind but in degree, to that of the broadcasts. In these twelve episodes people from every caste and walk of English life, dwellers in both town and country, have expressed, simply and sincerely, their thoughts, plans, hopes, and fears. The book has the very smell, feel, and sound of England. Mr. Allen, in dubbing such a book "shallow and superficial," has thrown himself a most accurate boomerang.

Another proof from a similar galley is Wallace Reyburn's deplorable piece of mudslinging in *New Liberty* for December. The object of Mr. Reyburn's attack is Matthew Halton, and from first to last Mr. Reyburn's personal animus or jealousy or whatever (certainly not an objective interest in his subject's work and ability) thrusts out sickeningly from almost every line. It may be true, as Mr. Reyburn says in his ante-penultimate paragraph, that "To the working newspapermen of Canada, Halton is Public Enemy No. 1," but any unbiased appraisal of Mr. Halton would have

to make clear, in much larger measure than does Mr. Reyburn, that Mr. Halton is an uncommonly able man in his field, and that the job of reporting which he does for the CBC is a better job than most working newspapermen ever manage to accomplish.

And there, because Mr. Reyburn is the editor of *New Liberty*, presumably goes my last chance of ever selling a piece of any kind to that journal. It should be noted, however, that Mr. Reyburn's boss, the publisher of *New Liberty*, is also the owner of Station CKEY (Toronto's worst, most commercial, and most profitable station) and this (giving discredit where discredit may be due) perhaps accounts for some of the article's venom.

It seems strange that the CBC, which has at its fingertips (and in fact, is) the largest organization in the country for the dissemination of news and information, should bear these underhand attacks in silence. Why do we not hear a series of programs, prepared and presented by the Corporation, which tells us about its activities, operations, and personnel? These should not, in fact they would defeat their own purpose if they did, display the Corporation in too flattering a light, but at least they might exhibit it in a fair and undistorting one.

This same principle might be extended to another field. It is a matter of common knowledge that the CBC, in order to do the job in radio which it should be doing in this country (and Canada is a phenomenally difficult country in which to present good radio to all the people) needs larger revenues than are currently available, and yet hesitates to raise the ridiculously low license fee because of the outcry which it fears. At present, assuming that we operate our sets for two hours a day (a low figure, I think) we pay approximately a third of a cent per hour for the privilege. Would anyone, looking at the facts fairly, object too strenuously if this figure were doubled, or even raised to a full one cent per hour on this two-hour-a-day basis? It must be remembered that the service is available, not for two hours a day, but for sixteen.

I think not, especially if the CBC were to prepare its listeners for the change with a relatively long series of programs pointing out what the Corporation does, what its difficulties are, and what vast resources of education and entertainment it offers in return for the license fee.

The Winnipeg Ballet

E. G. Langdale

► THESE DAYS, if the Winnipeg Ballet decides to give a performance, those in charge first prepare a "Standing Room Only" sign. But it was not always so. It is not ten years since a friend came to me babbling incoherently of the ballet's first performance, and *why* had I missed it, because this was something new, something different, something vital—there was only a pitiful handful of people present, and that was a shame, but that didn't really matter because this was something that was going to have a future.

It did.

There is almost a fairy-tale quality about the success of the Winnipeg Ballet—that is, if you see only the finished products, the professional precision, the costuming and settings, the overflowing audiences, the enthusiasm, the applause. Behind it there is the most unfairly like story of an achievement, the story of someone with an idea, of hard work, of infectious enthusiasm, of details of organization,

* THESE ENGLISH: Bernard Braden; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 240; \$3.00.

of brick walls of financing, of still more and more hard work—but also of devotion to an ideal and to a vision.

The person with the vision is, of course, Gweneth Lloyd, but devotion seems to be a widespread virtue among the entire Ballet corps. Miss Lloyd, with her partner, Betty Hey, came to Winnipeg from England in 1938, and in an incredibly short time conjured out of the flat, flat prairie the designers, costumes, artists, scenery, settings and incidentally the dancers necessary to stage quite ambitious ballets. And those ballets and everyone connected with them have continued to grow and improve under one's astonished gaze. The dancers are amateurs—stenographers, clerks, teachers (and in the beginning with little or no ballet training) who in their spare time and for no remuneration put in hours and hours of the hardest kind of work so that the finished product could have a professional smoothness.

Of course, they have something to work on. Miss Lloyd's choreography (she does almost all of it) is frequently touched with genius and she has a remarkable flair for the interpretation of music. Perhaps one of the most beautiful and successful of all the ballets produced was "The Wise Virgins" to music by Bach, where the flowing polyphonic lines of music were woven and patterned and repeated in the flowing lines of the dance.

Not all the ballets are as successful, but it is interesting to look at the development of a single idea. From quite early Miss Lloyd has staged abstract ballets which have a theme of struggle—roughly, of man against the dangers and difficulties of life and its passions—not, you will admit, an easy theme to interpret. Offhand, I can remember "The Planets" (music by Holst), "Les Preludes" (Liszt), and "Concerto" (Rachmaninoff), which were all built on this theme, but which, in spite of excellent settings, costuming and dancing, never quite came off. But this year the ballet "Visages," which had music especially composed for it by Walter Kaufman, had also a wonderfully blended setting, was costumed and masked in a way which can only be called inspired, and came off with the finality that is the proof of any fully matured work of art.

It is natural that any article about the Winnipeg Ballet should revolve around Gweneth Lloyd, who is undoubtedly the centre, but this does not minimize the efforts and achievements of the others: Betty Hey-Farrelly, partner, ballet mistress, instructor, dancer; David Yeddeau, manager; Dorothy Phillips, costume designer; John Russell, set designer; all the less-well-known people who have aided and abetted and encouraged and supported; and the dancers themselves, from the "stars" to the "corps de ballet." Miss Lloyd, as well as the ballet, has had something to work on.

There is about the Winnipeg Ballet, in spite of the fact that it is a growth in a new setting of a very old art-form, a pioneering spirit that is naturally, effortlessly and self-consciously Canadian. It is, after all, the first Western Ballet. It is the first Western Ballet to tour the West (in 1945) and the first Western Ballet to tour the East (1948), and the first host of the first Canadian Ballet Festival (1948), and it has a complete disregard for the manifest impossibility of doing or being any of these things. But it has done this pioneer work and has succeeded because of the pioneer spirit behind it. Miss Lloyd did not come to the Western prairies to break virgin soil with a hand-plough and a team of oxen—an achievement carried out in our not-so-distant past. She did an infinitely harder piece of pioneering. She made out of nothing and sold to the people of Winnipeg, Manitoba (a city whose motto is "Commerce, Prudence, Industry" and whose escutcheon displays one buffalo, one locomotive and three sheaves of wheat) the

Ballet; a traditional, glamorous, sophisticated, complicated art-form. Winnipeg loved it. Indeed, it sometimes seems that the really amazing thing about the ballet is not its excellence, but its existence.

The Riot (SHORT STORY) Khushwant Singh

► THE TOWN LAY ETHERIZED under the warm spring twilight. The shops were closed and house-doors barred from the inside. Street lamps dimly lit the deserted roads. Only a few policemen walked about with steel helmets on their heads and rifles slung behind their backs. The sound of their hobnailed boots broke the stillness of the dead town.

The twilight sank into darkness. A crescent moon lit the deserted streets. A soft breeze blew bits of newspaper from the pavements onto the road and back again. It was cool and smelled of the freshness of spring. Some dogs emerged from a dark lane and gathered round a lamp-post. A couple of policemen strolled past them smiling. One of them mumbled something vulgar. The other pretended to pick up a stone and hurl it at the dogs. The dogs ran down the street in the opposite direction and resumed their courtship at a safer distance.

Rani was a pariah bitch whose litter populated the lanes and by-lanes of the town. She was a thin, scraggy specimen typical of the pariah variety. Her white coat was torn, showing patches of raw flesh. Her dried-up udders hung loosely from her ribs. Her tail was always tucked between her hind legs as she slunk about in fear and abject servility.

Rani would have died of starvation with her first litter of eight had it not been for the generosity of the Hindu shopkeeper, Ram Jawaya, in the corner of whose courtyard she had unloaded her womb. The shopkeeper's family fed her and played with her pups till they were old enough to run about the streets and steal food for themselves. The shopkeeper's generosity had put Rani in the habit of sponging. Every year when spring came she would find excuse to loiter round the stall of Ramzan, the Moslem greengrocer. Beneath the wooden platform on which groceries were displayed lived the big, burly Moti. Every autumn, she presented the shopkeeper's household with half-a-dozen or more of Moti's offspring.

Moti was a cross between a Newfoundland and a spaniel. His shaggy coat and sullen look was Ramzan's pride. Ramzan had lopped off Moti's tail and ears. He fed him till he grew big and strong and became the master of the town's canine population. Rani had many rivals. But year after year, with the advent of spring, Rani's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of Moti and she sauntered across to Ramzan's stall.

This time spring had come but the town was paralysed with fear of communal riots and curfews. In the daytime people hung about on street corners in groups of tens and twenties, talking in whispers. No shops opened and long before curfew hours the streets were deserted, with only pariah dogs and policemen about.

Tonight even Moti was missing. In fact, ever since the curfew Ramzan had kept him indoors tied to a cot. He was far more useful guarding Ramzan's house than loitering about the streets. Rani came to Ramzan's stall and sniffed around. Moti could not have been there for some days. She was disappointed. But spring came only once

a year—and hardly ever did it come at a time when one could have the city to oneself with no curious boys looking on—and no scandalized parents hurling stones at her. So Rani gave up Moti and ambled down the road toward Ram Jawaya's house. A train of suitors followed her.

Rani faced her many suitors in front of Ram Jawaya's doorstep. They snarled and snapped and fought with each other. Rani stood impassively, waiting for the decision. In a few minutes a lanky black dog, one of Rani's own progeny, won the honors. The others slunk away sullenly.

In Ramzan's house, Moti sat pensively eyeing his master from underneath his charpoy. For some days the spring air had made him restive. He heard the snarling in the street and smelled Rani in the air. But Ramzan would not let him go. He tugged at the rope—then gave it up and began to whine. Ramzan's heavy hand struck him into silence. A little later he began to whine again. Ramzan had several sleepless nights watching and was dozy with sleep. He began to snore. Moti whined louder and then sent up a pitiful howl to his unfaithful mistress. He tugged and strained at the leash and began to bark. Ramzan got up angrily from his charpoy to beat him. Moti made a dash toward the door dragging the lightened string cot behind him. He nosed open the door and rushed out. The charpoy stuck in the doorway and the rope tightened round his throat. He made a savage wrench, the rope gave way, and he leapt across the road. Ramzan ran back to his room, slipped a knife under his shirt and went after Moti.

Outside Ram Jawaya's house, the illicit liaison of Rani and the black pariah was being consummated. Suddenly the burly form of Moti came into view. With an angry growl Moti leapt at Rani's lover. The other dogs joined the melee, tearing and snapping wildly.

Ram Jawaya had also spent several sleepless nights keeping watch and yelling back war cries to the Moslems. At last fatigue and sleep overcame his newly acquired martial spirit. He slept soundly with a heap of stones under his charpoy and an imposing array of soda water bottles filled with acid close at hand. The noise outside woke him. The shopkeeper picked up a big stone and opened the door. With a loud oath he sent the missile flying at the dogs. Suddenly a human being emerged from the corner and the stone caught him squarely in the solar plexus.

The stone did not cause much damage to Ramzan—but the suddenness of the assault took him aback. He yelled "Murder!" and produced his knife from under his shirt. The shopkeeper and the grocer eyed each other for a brief moment and then ran back to their houses shouting. The petrified town came to life. There was more shouting. The drum at the Sikh temple beat a loud tattoo—the air was rent with war cries.

Men emerged from their houses making hasty enquiries. A Moslem or a Hindu, it was said, had been attacked. Someone had been kidnapped and was being butchered. A party of boondas were going to attack stealthily but the dogs had started barking. They had actually assaulted some woman and killed her children. There must be resistance. There was. Groups of five joined others of ten. Tens joined twenties till a few hundred, armed with knives, spears, hatchets, and kerosene oil cans proceeded to Ram Jawaya's house. They were met with a fusillade of stones, soda water bottles, and acid. They hit back blindly. Tins of kerosene oil were emptied indiscriminately and lighted. Flames shot up in the sky enveloping Ram Jawaya's home and the entire neighborhood, Hindu, Moslem, and Sikh alike.

The police rushed to the scene and opened fire. Fire engines clanged their way in and set jets of water flying into the sky. But fires had been started in other parts of the town with no fire engines to go around.

All night and all the next day the fires burnt—and houses fell and people were killed. Ram Jawaya's home was burnt down but he escaped alive. For several days smoke rose from the ruins. What had once been a busy town was a heap of charred masonry.

Some months later when peace was restored, Ram Jawaya came to inspect the site of his old home. It was all in shambles with the bricks lying in a mountainous pile. In the corner of what had once been his courtyard there was a little clearing. There lay Rani with her litter nuzzling into her dried udders. Beside her stood Moti guarding his bastard breed.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► WHY, I WONDER, do historical movies put such a strain on the imagination? The usual result of seeing a historical film is to convince one that whatever the historical characters were like, they were certainly not like *that*; and the psychological improbabilities are so great that we feel impelled, whoever made the picture (with the possible exception of Eisenstein), to go home and look up the history books, to see how it really happened. It seems a little ungrateful, after all the trouble we know the producers go to, to make the costumes, furniture, and beer steins absolutely authentic, to emerge with the stubborn impression that one can absorb more of a period and of a character by looking at a contemporary portrait in a gallery than by watching the goings-on of any twentieth-century actress in a real seventeenth-century costume for two hours. These reflections are a result of having seen *Sarabande*, a big, colorful, expensive Rank production based on an obscure part of English history, made apparently with the intention of demonstrating that we stolid English have just as romantic a story as Mayerling in the history of our royal house, and in technicolor. The chandeliers and the wigs and the street carnival are all very convincing; the actors, I regret to say, are not. Francoise Rosay, in the part of the Electress of Hanover, is quite impressive; but I found myself thinking that they would have done better to do without her, since her acting underlined the mummery of the rest without being in itself strong or sweeping enough to carry the show. It is very difficult to believe that Count Konigsmark looked like Stewart Grainger; and Stewart Grainger completely fails to convince us that he has any inkling of what Count Konigsmark was like; he remains indomitably himself, Stewart Grainger, handsome, adenoidal, not too intelligent, dressed impeccably in seventeenth-century clothes, and having his picture taken. Here, of course, we put our finger on the real trouble: casting. A good historical movie must be extremely hard to make; but surely not impossible. No one probably knows better than the producer that this is the twentieth century, and that that was the seventeenth; not only were costumes and furniture different three hundred years ago, but manners and attitudes of thinking. What the producer needs, therefore, is not only a reliable historical properties department, but a group of the most intelligent actors and actresses he can find, people of receptive and malleable temperament, capable of thinking themselves back, through long and careful study, to the remote past. What apparently all too often happens is that the producer

finds one or at the most two players of the appropriate calibre, to whom are assigned bit or character parts, two big name stars of surpassing pulchritude and box-office appeal, a couple of hundred extras for mob scenes—and *voilà*—*Sarabande*.

Incidentally, the bit of English history behind the accession of George I to the throne is full of interest; apparently the Hanoverian claim to the throne of England through the female line was allowed, after considerable hemming and hawing, in order to prevent a Roman Catholic monarch ascending the throne. This detail of explanation is never mentioned in *Sarabande*, with the consequence that it is even more puzzling a picture than it need have been. The story of Sophie Dorothee, who was separated from George before his accession because of her affair with Count Königsmark, and imprisoned in the castle of Ahlden for the rest of her days, not even being allowed to see her children again (her son became George II), is probably pretty much as the movie presents it. It is, however, strange that the whole thing is much easier to believe in terms of an old-fashioned history book than through the medium of the screen. This is probably because even the English producers have been too much influenced by the florid phony Hollywood manner of presenting historical material, imposing on it the conventions of twentieth-century cinema acting (the double take, the staring-out-of-the-window-when-moved position, the pause-leaning-against-the-closed-door attitude, and so on). It is also faintly ironic that this production, with its distinct whiff of Old Vienna, should emerge on the screen just when a new biography has been written about poor old Rudolph of Mayerling proving that he wasn't really romantic after all. . . .

While we are still in this disgruntled end-of-winter mood, we may as well cast a questioning glance at two old favorites whose latest appearances leave us wondering what the world of entertainment is coming to. Danny Kaye, our all-time favorite for the Wild Originality sweepstakes, will be appearing briefly at your neighborhood theatre in a remake of the old *Ball of Fire* story called, this time, *A Song Is Born*. Avoid it. There is not a trace of the old Kaye in this four-star horror—not a grimace, not a cavort in the whole thing, although, if you care, there is some very nice clarinet-playing by Benny Goodman. And if you were not quick enough to catch *Rope* before it was withdrawn from the local circuits, do not imagine that *The Parradine Case* will give you as good a sample of Alfred Hitchcock's genius for painful suspense. It too has some compensations, particularly a blow-by-blow picture of English law-court procedure, with Laughton as the irascible judge intent on scoring off the young counsel; but for the Hitchcock enthusiast it will be a long, sad disappointment. Ah me!

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► COLUMBIA HAS RELEASED an album of Italian folk songs, sung by Ezio Pinza with Stevenson Barrett at the piano. For an outsider to tell Mr. Pinza how to sing his native songs would no doubt be gross presumption. It may be that in a country where opera is so much a people's pleasure folk song becomes assimilated to it. But personally, I find it disturbing to hear folk songs sung in the style of a Rossini buffa aria. The coarse quaver, which bassos use and abuse, the sudden bounce at the end of a sustained note, and other devices of Don Pasquale and Dr. Bartolo, are employed. Pinza's voice is not at its most beautiful, but the songs themselves are often charming.

From Victor comes a generous selection (twelve sides) of music from Tchaikovsky's ballet *The Sleeping Beauty*, performed by Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra. The score may not be great, in the restricted sense of that term, but there is no better fairy-tale music, alluring, imaginative, full of variety, and with just the right balance between sentiment and brightness. The ease of invention is captivating. Tchaikovsky seems completely adequate to each ballet situation as it comes up. For a sample of the whole I suggest listening to the three selections on the last side of the set. First there is a charming *Valse*, with a light, dancing, sensitively molded melody; second, a ceremonious and sometimes poignant *Sarabande*; and finally, an extraordinary, hymn-like march. Victor has also given us in this set one of its most remarkable recording successes, which reproduces with power, clarity and balance the beautiful texture of sounds which Tchaikovsky imagined and which Stokowski has brought to life with admirable finesse. Stokowski may, in many performances, misapply his remarkable ability, but he is still a masterful conductor, and this set reveals all his virtues and practically none of his defects.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► IN AN ESSAY on Goethe published in the *Yale Review* in 1932, Mann speaks of his illustrious predecessor in the Faust tradition in terms which might be applied equally well to himself. At one point he says: "The great sons of the bourgeois age, those whose capacity for spiritual growth raised them above the level of their class, are living proof of the fact that there are in the bourgeois nature infinite potentialities, unlimited potentialities for self-liberation and self-conquest."

In the light of such a statement as this, it would seem little wonder that the Faust theme has held such an attraction for Mann. Goethe and Mann are both Faust figures, soaring above their heritage into a self-fashioned realm of artistry, according to such a definition. The bourgeois age as a whole seems to take a bit of a trouncing here as a kind of collective cannibal seeking to devour those of its sons endowed with genius, but it is the antithesis of artist and the common run of humanity, not the implications of their common bourgeois heritage, which is of interest at the moment.

Much of Mann's work has been an attempt to define the artist, and not infrequently the theme of disease is woven into the pattern. The artist is as much apart from society as is the diseased man. Both know that isolation of which Mann was so conscious in his early years. Indeed, in speaking of Nietzsche, Mann once pointed out that the philosopher instructs his reader that "there is no deeper knowledge without experience and disease." Here, indeed, analogy ceases, and there is suggested that close integration of art and disease which is contemplated in *The Magic Mountain* and *Death in Venice*. In the latter short story, one of Mann's best, the plague in Venice is paralleled by a more insidious plague in the soul of the writer von Aschenbach, and here a third problem makes up the trilogy of closely allied themes in Mann's writing. Morality and form are associated; the artistic nature is a mingling of discipline and license: "And has not form two aspects? Is it not moral and immoral at once: moral in so far as it is the expression and result of discipline, immoral—yes, actually hostile to morality—in that of its very essence it is indifferent to good and evil, and deliberately concerned to make the world stoop beneath its proud and undivided sceptre."

(Continued on Page 18)

Charity

Down, down into the namelessness,
The streets like sooty wells
That drown you in their pools
Of brackish torpor and struggling hold you
Unwilling as you are.

Down, down to the faces bleached
And leaning as the thought of houses
To where the street pursues
The fathers where they search
Darkness flaring with the high
Brief alcoholic joy, and mothers wait
Dimly in half-lit rooms their hands
Exposed and eager.
There you will find the door
And all you know waits there,
So enter.

Enter and like a swimmer plunge
Still deeper into darkness
Breathe their damp despair, and mouth
The bitterness of begging, spit it like a coin
For luck, at least you found it once;
Maybe this small gleam
Will travel through the ocean's high blind miles
To strike a younger eye, a greener hope,
And fields of meditation find.

Miriam Waddington.

Foundling

Brilliant hoops, purple maze, surprise
Of bridges toppling in the snow,
Strange strange morning when red riding hood
Awoke in the arms of the wolf,
Uncover her dreams and summer are her wishes,
A golden flower her face. Oh morning
Built on snowpeaks! Oh morning
Would not wait but like a clown
Went dancing in her eyes, and sun beneficent
Hatched houses out of ice.

The sparkling river, sugary, spins out
Its bell. Bridge bends to bank and dips
Its steeples and her red scarf screams
In pain, her mother's hand held her.
She was held inside a world, inside,
And bells rang outside in the snow.
Then the three bears roared
And rutted road was closed.

Come close, lost goldilocks, come close
And drown your loss, let waves of winter swirl,
And know you've turned
The first leaf toward your death.
Later grief will teach
The alphabet of pain and when you've grown
You'll read the story of your loss
In this white morning, Sunday's frosty bells,
Bridge toppling and your mother's hand
Not there, your woe, your woe.

Miriam Waddington.

Nationalism

There are red roses in my garden,
How proud am I that they are mine!
Nowhere is there another garden
Where roses grow as exquisite as mine.
Mine is the garden, mine the roses,
To hell with anybody who proposes
That in his garden redder roses grow.
My garden grows the reddest roses:
And, Holy Moses, I would know.

Anthony Frisch.

The Immigrant

With you there would have been no need for words,
For trite expletives carefully conceived
To splice the mute half-minutes.
Silently I could have watched the spring
Coquetting with her greybeard lord,
Smooth-breasted landscapes, summer-mantled,
Tease the rust-red fingers of the ageing year,
And winter come again, to case the trees
In glass—a brittle, senile world.
I would have felt no need to share emotion,
Knowing emotion fully shared—
As, once before, we ran along gaunt cliffs
And paused, unspeaking, where a sudden bay
Drew up the foam-sailed lines of war
And launched a full armada on the shore.
Then when we talked again, it was of Proust,
Whom you admired and I had never read.
But here a strange tetralogy of months,
And all their play uncomprehended.
Now the critic lacks the measure of their mood.

Geoffrey Drayton.

High Brow

I read a beautiful poem;
I read it at sea level,
At five thousand,
And, through my oxygen mask,
At fifteen and twenty thousand feet.
Still I couldn't understand it,
But, God knows, I tried hard.

J. L. Smallwood.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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Art, disease, and morality, then, are the problems Mann faces time and again. He is the artist's artist, much given to extended instruction in the comprehension and manipulation of genius. The Joseph cycle itself depicts the life of an heroic artist, one who not only moulds his own brilliant career, but also manages to help formulate a religion and a nation. Speaking at the Library of Congress in 1942, Mann said: "In Joseph, the ego flows back from arrogant absoluteness into the collective, the common; and the contrast between artistic and civic tendencies, between isolation and community, between individual and collective, is fabulously neutralized. . . ."

Joseph knows how to "treat" God; he has an artistic ego, which is ever-maturing until it embraces every aspect of life and society. In a word, Joseph becomes a symbol of humanity, as was Faust, and Mann, in pointing this out in his address, refers to Goethe's poem as "this inexhaustible source."

I have already indicated that the Faust symbol is suited to Mann's particular interests, and, indeed, through its artistic and moral implications, it must represent the very problems which beset Mann himself as a young artist. Adrian Leverkühn, the hero of Mann's latest novel,* was in his youth a theological student. This serves not only to suggest a serious contemplation on his part of the problem of morality, but also to indicate that when he abandoned theology for music and the Devil, he knew what he was doing. Since the music produced is Wagnerian romantic in its apocalyptic and Faustian themes, composed according to the Schonberg system, which Mann borrows, I am inclined to wonder if he *did* know what he was doing.

It is not surprising that Mann should choose a musician for his hero, a musician whose themes are of a romantic nature. Mann is a great admirer of Wagner, and no mean student of romanticism as a whole. He considers romanticism to be born of the goodness in the "deepest depth of the folk-soul," but at the same time asserts that "it is a fruit of life, conceived of death, pregnant of dissolution." The novel itself is full of dissolutions of every sort, enough to satisfy symbol-seekers for years to come. The hero himself, of course, having sold himself to a Devil strongly reminiscent of that weird figure that wanders across the opening pages of *Death in Venice*, must forfeit a life never free from recurrent migraine. His friends murder, commit suicide, take to narcotics, and so on. A little nephew appears toward the end of the novel, a figure like Tadzio, of *Death in Venice*, pure, sweet, gifted, one of Nature's triumphs in her artistry of form. He is the very embodiment of romantic genius, and fades away swiftly and suddenly, shattered by a cruel disease. His nickname, "Echo," identifies him with the spirit of his accomplished uncle, in whose life art, disease, and a moral sensibility thrive in a pernicious combination. Such a combination Mann seems to consider inseparable.

The casual reader will have to leave a final and detailed treatment of Mann's handling of the Faust myth to such a collection of critics as those whose essays, recently compiled to estimate "the stature of Thomas Mann" reveal that the author is related to everyone and every thing from Oedipus to André Gide. Since Mann has had one of these critical Towers of Babel erected in his honor, along with Joyce, Eliot, and Kafka, detailed analyses of his *Doctor Faustus* will undoubtedly appear very shortly.

The novel itself is difficult to read. Nothing is left to the imagination. Time and time again, characters and plot sink

smothered beneath a welter of philosophy, music lessons, appraisal of politics, and so on. The novel ceases, as it were, and in its place appears the author's "commonplace book" on every conceivable subject. True, this is a part of the Faustian spirit, to experience everything, but just how far it should be allowed to defy the reader's power of endurance is another question. No novel I have ever read beats the encyclopaedic thoroughness of this gigantic arrangement of almost all existing knowledge in an artistic form. Somehow, surely, the balance which Mann maintains in his earlier works has been lost. There has been a loss in clarity and in taste. Mann's is an impressive mind, one before which I should never care to stand with my slingshot, but I must claim that this latest novel demonstrates a certain slackening of artistic discipline. For instance, it takes a bit too long to get a sentence like this through one's head: "Here was his aristocratic conservatism outbid by the frightfully clever playing of atavistic cards; by a radical conservatism that no longer had anything aristocratic about it, but rather something revolutionary; something more disrupting than any liberalism, and yet, as though in mockery, possessing a laudable conservative appeal."

I am not sure even yet that I am quite conscious of the true state of the unfortunate Baron's situation, but I shall go on thinking about it, possibly, until the ripeness of time. However, in spite of the difficulty it presents for minds not accustomed to the heavy, German style, *Doctor Faustus* is no mean interpretation of the Faust symbol. Mann states his problems quite fully in all their complexity, but does not offer a solution of them. For him, it seems, the play of tensions among the problems is the energizing, creative force in the world. To impose hypothetical solutions upon them would be to destroy the true picture of life as it is. This novel, catching up and restating all the old themes as it does, is, in that sense, a summing up of Mann's ideas on life and art. Readers who enjoyed *Buddenbrooks*, *The Magic Mountain*, the Joseph cycle and the short stories will find in *Doctor Faustus* a more direct and subjective approach to ideas which may have seemed less explicitly stated in these earlier novels. G. J. Wood

BOOKS REVIEWED

FEAR, WAR, AND THE BOMB: P. M. S. Blackett; McGraw-Hill; pp. 244; \$4.50.

This is a work which deserves the careful study of any thinking person who wishes information on one of the most difficult and tragic problems of our day. The author, a Nobel prize winner in 1948, has been a member of the British Advisory Committee on Atomic Energy, is a leader in operational research, and played a very important role in the campaign to defeat the German submarine menace during the last war. As such, his analysis of the military and political implications of the atomic bomb must be taken very seriously.

Two main threads run through the book: first that both the strategical and tactical importance of the atomic bomb as a decisive military weapon has been greatly exaggerated; second that it would have been against the interest of the Soviet Union to accept the proposals for control of atomic energy embodied in the majority reports of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission.

Blackett's careful analysis, using authenticated facts, of the effects of bombing during the last war leads him to the conclusion that victory cannot be gained by air power alone. In discussing the question of control of atomic

* DOCTOR FAUSTUS: Thomas Mann; McClelland & Stewart (Knopf); pp. 510; \$4.00.

energy for peaceful purposes he points out that a nation's attitude to this subject must be conditioned by her share of the world's supply of available energy. A nation such as the U.S., rich in existing power resources, might well feel that the dangers inherent in the development of atomic power outweigh the advantages, whereas the U.S.S.R., whose energy resources are very small in comparison, will be much more interested in a quick development of atomic industrial power. This circumstance, according to Blackett, largely determined the Soviet attitude to the proposals embodied in the Baruch plan.

Blackett considers it a serious error to attempt to deal with the control of atomic weapons without at the same time dealing with other methods of mass destruction, particularly biological warfare. This leads to a re-examination of the value of attempting to discover any method of complete control short of universal disarmament and the establishment of a world government.

In commenting on the fact that he has failed to give a formula for action—the brief chapter entitled “A Way Out” suggests only a sort of horse-trading approach to limited disarmament of all weapons of mass destruction and to the means of delivering them—the author feels that the world has now too many formulas for action in the field of atomic power but too little diagnosis and too little understanding. It is his object in this work to contribute to the latter in the hope of contributing to a saner and less hysterical consideration of the subject.

Elizabeth Cohen

THE CITY OF REASON: Samuel H. Beer; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Harvard University Press); pp. viii; 227; \$5.00.

In this book, Dr. Beer, an Associate Professor of Government at Harvard, attempts to develop a philosophy of liberalism for harassed Americans from his interpretation of Whitehead's metaphysics. Over one hundred pages are devoted to a hurried, superficial analysis of the two great doubts of our age: the doubt of *truth* which finds expression in Mannheim's sociology of knowledge or Dewey's philosophy of creative intelligence; and the doubt of *right* which finds expression in Sumner's relativistic folkways or Marx's philosophy of history.

Confronted with the mazes of contemporary irrationalism and relativism, Professor Beer concludes that his central problem, as a political theorist, is the “search for purpose.” After examining various religions and philosophies he struggles, through several tedious chapters, with Whitehead's obscure metaphysical doctrines and concludes that “the philosophy of creative advance solves the problem of purpose. It arms a man against irrationalism and defeatism. In the same moment it defines his duty and orders him into action. The philosophy of creative advance entails the ethics of humanity. To accept the consolations of that philosophy is also to assume the heavy burdens of this ethics” (p. 197).

The implications of this philosophy for political theory, however, are so woefully thin that they may be accepted by socialists, liberals, and conservatives alike. The ethics of humanity is incompatible with the moral collectivism of either Marx or Bosanquet: the individualism of J. S. Mill is more acceptable, although his search for an empirical science of human nature as a foundation for ethics was thoroughly misguided. Dr. Beer believes that the highest authority for social criticism and self-criticism is *reason*; and therefore the natural rights school, rather than idealism or empiricism, offers the most substantial clues to contemporary political theorists. The highest Natural Law is the Law of Reason: democracy is a process whereby the Law of

Reason, operating in moral and political affairs, slowly builds the City of Reason, a city which promotes rational self-realization among all men.

The *City of Reason* is a pretentious and confused book. Political theory must certainly be grounded, as Hobbes realized long ago, upon a philosophy of the universe and of man, but Whitehead's metaphysics hardly provides the necessary foundations. Further, the political theorist should be driven to metaphysics as a result of a vital experience with the actual economic, social, and political problems of his time. Dr. Beer was a ghost-writer for key New Deal figures, and he has also worked for the Information Division of the Resettlement Administration and the Democratic National Committee: it is perhaps not surprising that his book leaves one with the impression that he is attempting to cut the real political problems of today out of the whole cloth of *Process and Reality*. Had he made a serious study of, say, the Townsend movement, his political theory would undoubtedly be much more relevant to the actual problems of men.

It is also startling, in the mid-twentieth century, to find a political theorist displaying such a nonchalant ignorance or neglect of the data of psychology and the social sciences. Whitehead's metaphysics, although commonly referred to as “organismic,” originated within the matrix of mathematical logic: is it inevitable that his disciples should treat Reason as fetish rather than as fact?

Dr. Beer's book will give little help to the people of this generation who are suffering from what Morris Ginsberg has called “moral bewilderment.” But hard-pressed heads of departments of philosophy in American colleges will refer to it enthusiastically as a new indication of the “importance” of metaphysics when they are discussing budgetary increases with hard-boiled deans and presidents.

John A. Irving.

LABOR GOVERNMENTS AT WORK: Harry W. Laidler; League for Industrial Democracy; pp. 23; 25c.

Only a man with Dr. Harry Laidler's broad knowledge of social movements would have the temerity to describe the work of six labor and socialist governments in twenty pages of print. Yet he has managed to give a broad, even if very superficial, outline of the social and economic programs of three British and three Scandinavian countries where either Labor or Social Democratic governments are in power: Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

Dr. Laidler covers public ownership, banking and credit, housing, social insurance, planning for full employment, labor legislation, and agriculture. Even his brief outlines are enough to whet the appetite of the free-enterprise-ridden Canadian. Look what they've got! Housing programs that actually provide homes; social security legislation that takes the fear away from old age, sickness, and unemployment; banking and credit used to maintain full employment; measures that encourage unions and co-operatives rather than those that aim at their destruction; public instead of monopolistic control over essential industries.

Dr. Laidler draws five conclusions from his little survey:

- (1) “That Labor and socialist forces can gain office as a majority party, and can socialize numerous basic industries through peaceful, democratic political action, a thing which for years advocates of violent revolution and dictatorship maintained to be a practical impossibility.
- (2) They have shown that workers, in co-operation with farming and professional groups, are fully capable of running a modern government honestly and efficiently.

(3) They have shown that the gradual socialization of industry under a Labor and Social Democratic government, far from weakening democracy and restricting freedom, can be depended upon to strengthen democracy and enlarge individual freedom. . .

(4) These Labor governments have demonstrated that Labor in power can be depended upon in peace times to raise living standards, increase economic security, and plan democratically for the common good. . .

(5) Finally, the existence and achievements of these governments have shown to the world that there are other alternatives to semi-monopoly capitalism, on the one hand, and totalitarian communism, on the other hand; and that it is possible for an advanced nation to follow the path leading to a system of democratic socialism." A. Andras.

INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMIC SCIENCE: George Soule; Macmillan; pp. 154; \$3.25.

TWO AND TWO, A STUDY OF ECONOMIC SUPERSTITIONS: P. C. Armstrong; J. M. Dent; pp. 127; \$2.50.

In these books popular fallacies and superstitions receive rough treatment. The dogmas of "economic fundamentalism" are summarily dealt with in *Introduction to Economic Science*, and the suggestion is made that more and better science is the remedy for the economic ills that beset us. It is argued that political economy has made great strides in recent years and that we now possess the knowledge essential to good management of national economies. The author discusses in some detail the national income, its meaning, determination, and history, and describes recent advances in the analysis of business cycles. Such knowledge makes possible the tabulation of a national income budget which is regarded as an essential of good management in economic affairs in that it enables forecasts to be made as a basis for appropriate action to forestall either inflation or unemployment. Keynesian economic thinking is critically examined and it is concluded that however great its defects, the classical version of economics which it attacks is "almost as irrelevant as if it concerned another planet." The author also examines modes of price determination and shows that the assumptions men make about these largely determine their doctrines concerning the relations of government and business. Governmental policies of spending and taxation along with the use of a national income model, are regarded as indispensable features of a program of full employment. International income problems are noted briefly in a review of world monetary and trade problems. The author's position is suggested by the heading of the last section in the book, "The Industrial Revolution is Just Beginning"; with more and better (i.e. more "scientific") economics we may hope for more sanity and stability than we have known in the past.

The author of *Two and Two* is not so optimistic; economic life is complex and it is not likely that "men can be made wise, good, and wealthy by law." He states his objections to price-fixing, governmental subsidies, rental control, and to attempts to redistribute income by taxation. The theories of oversaving and compensatory spending by governments are likewise criticized, and foreign exchange control is seen as leading to totalitarianism. It is suggested that, apart from wars and crop failure, business cycles are largely psychological phenomena and depression may be avoided if public psychology accepts good times as satisfying. Planning for a complex society tends to involve planning a standard of living which is totally impossible at present, rather than planning a better distribution of the existing production of wealth along with a steady increase in output.

In short, faith in political machinery is seen as the great illusion of our time.

These two volumes, as aids to everyman in his economic thinking, display profoundly different philosophies and methods of approach to the "economic problem." Whether or not everyman is capable of comprehending modern economic problems and their solutions in his off-moments, both volumes will suggest that, at the level of straightforward exposition for popular consumption, the area of disagreement is distressingly wide. W. T. Easterbrook

CANON CHARLES KINGSLEY: Una Pope-Hennessy; Clarke, Irwin (Chatto & Windus); pp. 294; \$4.50.

Newman in his *Apologia* (which in its original form was a reply to Kingsley) described his critic as "blundering, impulsive and prejudiced", and while Dame Una Pope-Hennessy's sympathies obviously lie with Newman, the greatness of Kingsley emerges nevertheless in this delightful book. She has made use of a great deal of Kingsley's correspondence hitherto buried in private collections and in the British Museum. The result is a biography which illuminates the strange, impulsive character of its subject by relating the many changes in his interests to the various domestic and other crises of his life; these Fanny Kingsley often passed over silently in the two adoring volumes of her husband's life. His intense devotion to his wife, to fly-fishing, to marine biology and to Christian Socialism, and his hatred of papists, celibacy and bad drains are thus all fitted into place.

Kingsley's greatness lay in his very impulsiveness and in his life-long struggle with a nature that was constantly exploding or being "de-magnetized." His wife, to whom he was devoted, was for ever seeking ecclesiastical preferment for him only to have her hopes dashed by some new outburst. The Church, to which he was equally devoted, condemned him to an obscure post for most of his life—not surprising then for one who proclaimed himself a Chartist and who was a friend and follower of Darwin. He worked hard in the parish and reflected that the shortcomings of his parishioners were largely the inevitable result of their manner of existence, years before such notions became popular. No philosopher or theologian, his impulsiveness often made him prey to some enthusiasm of the moment and Dame Una has rather a lot to say about this dark side of his nature. On the other hand the greatness of so much that he did on unfettered impulse is often illustrated. In April, 1848, for example, while he was visiting London, he heard that the Duke of Wellington had ordered 170,000 special constables to police a Chartist meeting on Kennington Common. He walked there at once with his friend Ludlow to see whether single-handed he could prevent bloodshed. He was then only thirty and he always stammered. The meeting never came off; but on the walk back he and Ludlow decided that something must be done at once to Christianize socialism. He sat down to write and within forty-eight hours there was being posted up all over London the first Socialist manifesto ever issued by a clergyman of the Church of England.

The "State Church," as the author calls it, afforded little inspiration a hundred years ago. However, Dame Una overdoes the gloom and in particular she is not fair to F. D. Maurice, the mentor of Kingsley and the father of Christian Socialism. Correctives to this point of view have recently become available in Florence Higham's *F. D. Maurice* and A. R. Vidler's two books, *Witness to the Light* and *The Theology of F. D. Maurice*. Charles Feilding.

THE WHOLE OF THEIR LIVES: Benjamin Gitlow; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 387; \$4.50.

Not the least interesting point of this book is the added evidence it provides that an ex-communist often carries over into his later activities the same habits of reckless generalization, grim intolerance, character assassination, and love for "exposing plots" which he acquired as a communist. One of Mr. Gitlow's major indictments of communism is its rejection of decency and loyalty in its relations with non-communists or with former allies turned opponents. Mr. Gitlow's indictment is fully justified; and his own writings in the past ten or fifteen years supply ample evidence of it.

The book is an attempt to present the story of the American Communist Party through some leading personalities and events. The thesis which the book seeks to support is (1) that the C.P. of U.S.A. is, like every communist party, not an independent organization, but merely an agency of Moscow; (2) that the C.P. and organizations which it controls are recruiting ground for the Soviet secret service; (3) that the objective of world revolution under the domination of Stalin and Moscow is always the controlling consideration, in spite of any temporary shifts in tactics, and even strategy.

The thesis is not new, and few thinking non-communists doubt its basic validity. But whether Mr. Gitlow's evidence is reliable is another question. It's the same difficulty that confronts one in all such books: there is no way of checking the stories of internal intrigue, of caucuses in the Comintern and in unions, of plots and conspiracies. Mr. Gitlow ceased his connections not only with the communists but with labor generally in the early thirties. Yet he deals in this book with later events, right up to the present, as if he had a direct line into the innermost circles of the communist hierarchy. He may have, but there is certainly nothing to prove it.

Like so many other ex-communists, Mr. Gitlow has swung to the very opposite extreme. His anti-communism is full of brimstone, but it is as barren of constructive democratic proposals as communism itself. What communism does to its adherents as human beings is its most devastating condemnation.

David Lewis.

THE YOUNG LIONS: Irwin Shaw; Random House; pp. 689; \$4.00.

Irwin Shaw, who gained fame as a playwright and war correspondent, has chosen for his first novel to attempt an epic of *War and Peace* proportions. In time his story runs from the precarious peace of New Year's Eve, 1938, to the last days of war in the spring of 1945. In space it ranges from the Austrian mountains to New York and California, from occupied Paris to wartime Berlin, across North Africa and up the Italian peninsula, from a New Jersey training camp to England and thence to Normandy, through France and across the Rhine to Germany.

The central theme of the episode-crammed six hundred and eighty-nine pages is the effect of war on three young soldiers: one German and two Americans. Christian Diestl, an Austrian skiing instructor, degenerates from a pleasant, apparently civilized, young man to a brutal, completely ruthless, killer. Michael Whitacre, a play producer who has become increasingly bored with the sophisticated life of Hollywood and Broadway, gradually rebuilds his sense of values through his experiences as a private in the army. Noah Ackerman, a shy and sensitive Jew, survives the sadistic bullying of his anti-Semitic companions to attain a tough, mature self-confidence.

The novel is powerful, lively, and dramatic, and is crammed with vivid incidents and characters. However, although

Mr. Shaw is a skilful and talented writer, he has not the depth or the experience to carry such a colossal project to complete success. He has attempted in the one narrative to weave together strands developed in such varied works as *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Farewell to Arms*, and *Crossfire*—with several extra strands added. His characters are realistic but not completely convincing: they seem a little like figures in a morality play, used to convey a message and shaped by the message rather than by the demands of their own personalities.

Nevertheless, in spite of these criticisms, *The Young Lions* has considerable vitality, contains many memorable scenes, and conveys a convincing impression of the horror and chaos that is modern war.

Edith Fowke.

STORM BELOW: Hugh Garner; Collins; pp. 227; \$3.00.

During the war some eighty thousand young Canadians experienced the impact of a life which had, until then, been entirely foreign to most of them. Among these volunteers in the Royal Canadian Navy, there must have been many with literary ambitions even in the lower decks, despite the Navy's conviction that everyone below commissioned rank is an illiterate moron. While that life could hardly be described as romantic it was, at least, different, and it is strange that to date it has produced only three or four published books.

In retrospect one can find little material for an orthodox novel. Fortunately, you first recall the good times: fun in foreign ports, the skylarking, nights at the wets, the attention you attracted when home on leave, particularly if you had grown a beard. But above all stands the friendship of your shipmates, a camaraderie you have rarely enjoyed before or since. But memory also dredges up a resentment against the intolerable conditions of life at sea in small

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ships built, seemingly, with no concern for the men's comfort. You recall the hidebound traditions and resultant harsh discipline and stupid routine, the feudal distinction between officer and rating. The budding novel might turn more into a bitter diatribe—for which there is ample material.

Mr. Garner has picked a small canvas and covered it well. His story deals with the activities on board one corvette during a westward convoy to Newfoundland. A young seaman is killed and the crew grow restive at having his corpse on board. There is the affair of the Jewish officer, the Captain's unfaithful wife, the isolation of the sole French Canadian member of the crew, the cancelled refit and leave for all the ship's company and, finally, the return to sea to meet another emergency.

For a person who has experienced the life the first and by far the most important question is, does the story ring true, does it present an authentic picture? The answer is decidedly yes, though I am not entirely sure that a Canadian crew would behave in the manner described because one of their mates had not been buried at sea. But this is only part of the story.

While, to an ex-naval rating, the book brings back vividly a picture of those war years, does it impress the general reader in the same way? Are the beastly living conditions, the monotony, the frustration of being unable to come to grips with an unseen foe or prevent the persistent sinkings—are these things made vivid to others? Of this I can't be sure.

Mr. Garner has turned out a competent story. I wish it had been greater in scope. Or, perhaps, he has further things in store?
John A. Dewar.

PILGRIMS IN A NEW LAND: Lee M. Friedman; Clarke, Irwin (Farrar, Straus and Co.); pp. 471; \$4.50.

Under a somewhat pretentious title, twenty-eight unrelated and nondescript essays give some, though sparse, information about Jews in the history of the American colonies, later the United States of America.

We are told of the difficulties of a Portuguese Jew, Aaron Lopez, who settled in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1752, and who, finally, after much court and assembly perplexities and after moving to Massachusetts, succeeded in 1762 in becoming the first Jew to be naturalized in the American colonies, as a subject of His Majesty, King George III; subject, however, to the disability "that he was not eligible to become a Privy Counsellor, a Member of Parliament, or to hold any office of trust either civil or military."

Later we are told that the first American Jewish Synagogue was built in Newport, Rhode Island, in the eighteenth century, and that one was built in Boston in the year 1805; that the first Reform-Jewish Congregation was established in South Carolina in 1824; that an esteemed jurist named Moses Levy presided over the main Municipal Court in Philadelphia in 1806; that a mediocre playwright, Mordecai Manuel Noah, brought out one successful play in New York under the exotic title of "She Would Be a Soldier," and so on. We are also given a somewhat banal, if not trifling, comment on Samuel Gompers, the first president of the American Federation of Labor, whose chief merit, it would appear from the author's narrative, was Gompers's willingness to serve for a salary of \$1,000 a year and his consistent refusal to accept lucrative posts outside of the A. F. of L.

Among these prosaic accounts appears a reference to the first American Jewish publication *The Occident*, which had

so short a career that one is almost dubious about the spelling of the journal's title. There are other essays, equally erudite, on such subjects as "The Influence of Yiddish on the American Language," "American Jewish Names," "A Village in Vermont," etc. It is perhaps kind to say that the author meant well but contributed little. A great deal could be said of the contribution of Jews of all classes and all times to the cultural, political and economic progress of the Colonies and the United States, but Mr. Friedman is either not the person, or he does not choose, to write of it.

J. L. Cohen.

TERROR AND DECORUM, POEMS 1940-48: Peter Viereck; Scribner's; pp. 110; \$3.00.

Peter Viereck's poems, for the most part, it seems to me, are the results of forced fancy, of imagination over-driven by a sort of imagery-engine. They may, as the jacket informs us, successfully "portray men and women as a humanistic whole, rejecting alike the one-sidedness of modern neo-classicism, with its crossword-puzzle pedantries, and the one-sidedness of romanticism with its gush and formlessness," but still at their best these poems describe a horrifying, harsh world not even our own but always five centuries ahead, with a great deal of emphasis on *fangs*, and at their worst the banality of these lines to Hart Crane:

"Hart, Hart, can you hear me?
Hey Hart, don't jump!"

The poem "Kilroy" with its pat comparisons of the spirit behind the "Kilroy was here" inscriptions to the spirit behind Ulysses, Chaucer, Marco Polo, etc., etc., is a good example of how a bit of folklore is snapped up these days before it has a chance to get cold.

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The navigable waters of the mighty Mackenzie wind over a thousand miles through a land whose history is a tale of high adventure. This is the country of the intrepid bush pilots, of gold, fur, and of pitchblende—source of the atom bomb's uranium. Yet to the average Canadian it is little more than a name on a map.

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Leslie Roberts' fine story of the Mackenzie area is illustrated lavishly by Thoreau MacDonald, and unrolls a fascinating and provocative panorama of the territory.

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"Avoiding 19th century influences," says the jacket-flap, "his poems combine the intensity of the Elizabethans with the 18th century's clarity and rigorous technique." Quite true, of course, because Mr. Viereck's poems are too often built around a borrowed bit of Elizabethan intensity or a fragment of the 18th century's clarity and rigorous technique. Bits of Chaucer will make any poem glisten if the right bits are chosen, but should poetry feed on itself like this, with its navel connected to its nipple as it were? Why must poetry avoid this century but love these others? Why can't it sing, as birds do, simply in and of the present?

All this is not to say that Mr. Viereck's poems are not successful in their harsh, unpoetical, but technically polished way. His poems however are a perfect illustration of the proverb: One may be a visionary and a visionary with all the correct myths, symbols, and assorted gobbets of erudition in their right places and still *not be a poet*.

James Reaney

SWANS AND AMBER: Dorothy Burr Thompson; S. J. Reginald Saunders (University of Toronto Press) pp. 195; \$2.75.

The announcement that these early Greek lyrics are "freely translated and adapted" invites us to relax the academic approach, which might quibble over "Sing a song of swallows" for the literal "The swallow has come, has come." Carried along by Mrs. Thompson's versatile enthusiasm, we enjoy the spirit of that rather primitive age between Homer (Chaucer) and Aeschylus (Shakespeare).

The poems of seventeen authors (Anacreon, Sappho, Simonides, etc.), here arranged chronologically and geographically, were originally sung to the accompaniment of the lyre or flute; they are still light entertainment rather than great literature.

Winifred McCullough has assisted Mrs. Thompson in an excellent feature of this well-produced volume, the map and the interspersed decorations which are "snatches from Greek vase-paintings" (sources given). These and the lively background notes, which introduce each section and remove the need of reference books, successfully "paint the setting" and "help the eye recreate this world."

The versions of Sappho and the Folk Songs are particularly pleasing. The lack of an index to the poems is regrettable. The avoidance, for the most part, of the archaic forms, "thou, thy, hither, etc.," helps to make this book, unlike so many translations of the classics, eminently readable.

C. C. Love

POEMS 1934-1947: C. Day Lewis; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 93; \$1.50.

C. Day Lewis is the author of several volumes of verse, and one of the few outstanding critics of modern poetry. We turn therefore with eager expectancy to his latest work. But we are disappointed. Some of the poems are quite interesting and good, others not even that. Few lines startle us into attention. In his earlier work, Day Lewis rises rarely above his influences: this criticism still holds true. Disregarding the occasional poems which take up nearly half of the volume, we are left with a few Hardy imitations (good imitations, but who wants more Hardy in 1949?), some work in other nineteenth century traditions, with the occasional Eliot or Auden line, most of it of a looseness that, however deliberate, easily disintegrates into awkward prose; and three poems on the creative process, two of which are nothing special.

The exception is "The Revenant." Written in a complex stanza form, it is a simple but new treatment of the ancient Orpheus myth. For once, colloquial expression

really strengthens the poetry. As in Rilke, Orpheus is the source of song, the first poem. Yet in Day Lewis, the symbol does not form the core of a series of jubilant sonnets, but an illustration of a Hardy-esque outlook. Surely such a philosophy cannot supply the inspiration for the younger poets of today, who have been for some time on the lookout for a new great talent, more contemporary than Yeats or Eliot, and greater than Day Lewis. F. David Hoerner.

HARVEST TRIUMPHANT: Merrill Denison; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 351; \$3.50.

From the swish of the flail and the rhythm of the hand sower, Merrill Denison, in *Harvest Triumphant*, follows through one hundred years of the history of Massey-Harris Company, Ltd., in peace and war, to the drone of aeroplanes and the hum of self-propelled combines. The book is a vivid portrayal of rugged individualism in the last half of the nineteenth century, gradually replaced by the more modern twentieth century joint stock corporation.

It should make particularly good reading for students of agricultural economics, and others interested in the political and economic history of Canada. Mr. Denison, in interest-

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ing detail, shows the effect of the times and politics on Canada's agricultural implement colossus. He also gives some interesting lessons for farmers and economists.

Denison's story of the financing of the company is very revealing. He tells how the company never made a public financial report until 1920. This report, according to Denison, disclosed that in 29 years, the paid up capital of the firm had increased from \$3,495,000.00 to \$24,179,800.00 and the total assets from \$5,000,000.00 to \$44,300,000.00. All this, we assume, from profits.

Harvest Triumphant records a real harvest by two of Ontario's pioneer families. A.C.S.

HE LIVED IN MY SHOES; Lealie Greener; Clarke, Irwin (George G. Harrap); pp. 272; \$2.75.

This novel, as its sub-title declares, is the autobiography of the author's second self. Knowing that "the best-intentioned author crosses the border between truth and fantasy without the least intention to deceive" Mr. Greener concludes "how much better a job my second self would have made of it (my life): what a dashing figure my *Alter Ego* would have cut, walking through life in my shoes! That would be a tale worth the telling." Well, one wonders whether this is so as one reads in what is really a Boy's Book the rather distracting record of the author's evolution from a childish brat and swaggering schoolboy into a gallant dandy. Yet its opening chapters are written with a naivety and whimsy that prompt the occasional snickers. This novel should prove to be a very significant document for Mr. Greener's psychiatrist. A. C. Hamilton.

IRENE: Ronald Marsh; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 285; \$2.50.

This first novel by a young British writer presents a somewhat melodramatic treatment of the domestic theme. George, a conventional young bank clerk with a respectable middle class background, impulsively marries Irene, the seductive but rather common daughter of a local fisherman. The growth of physical attraction into love is vitiated by the discovery of Irene's former liaison with a disreputable spiv by the name of Marks. George's self-righteousness prevents him from helping Irene to overcome her sense of inferiority and she finally returns to the man who neither loves nor disapproves of her. George rescues Irene from Marks, but not until she has become involved in theft and murder. Both realize too late that love can be great and unselfish.

The treatment of character in this novel reveals the author's familiarity with Freud; it is, in fact, somewhat clinical. The reader's emotions remain uninvolved in spite of Irene's seductiveness, and the final impression of the narrative is undoubtedly one of thinness.


M. E. McFarlane

Correction

(Should be top right hand column page 2)

hopes of military advantages have already sunk if they have heard of the remarkable plan of the Ontario government to buy a share in the running of municipal police and fire departments for the sake of national defence in a war emergency. This will certainly give the impression that "Ottawa" expects the provinces to fend for themselves in such an emergency. Perhaps they have heard that Ontario and

better
business



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